It's August 18th. We're going to continue reading this.

Uh the camera is filthy.[cleans camera] There we go.

I don't remember which exact page I was on, but I know we were at the part where they're like, “they were saying things like ‘I didn't even know it had a face’.”

I think we got to the part where it's completely and utterly — that's a fucking lie. Um, I'll read that paragraph again anyways because it's giant. Oh, no, that's the one I had read. Okay. Uh, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah,

> keeping the armor on all the time cuts down on unnecessary interaction

Because Martha Wells is pretending um, to us out in the metaverse, and in-universe is having these characters fucking lie, trying to convince us, the audience, when this book was new, and we had no more context than this book, just — trying to pretend that “because Murderbot was wearing its armor, it

just just looked like a mindless robot, so that's why they didn't reali — the PreservationAux team, these slave owners, they just didn't realize it was a person and that slavery was wrong.”

Even though they explicitly come from a planet where — and just, a world in general where *everybody* knows robots are sentient.

There's no propaganda that robots aren't sentient. Everybody knows robots are sentient.

So claiming that um, Murderbot keeping its armor on is the reason nobody realized it was a person, they know what robots are. They know what SecUnits are. They are just lying fucking bastards.

Like. Martha Wells is just shit at writing and she's a bigot. so, she wants — she wants in this book to claim that ~they just had no clue~, but then later wants to make them look good by saying that they, ~of course they they know robots are people!~, even though that contradicts what they just fucking established in here, where they're claiming not to have known that

Murderbot was a person and thinking it was just a fucking machine, even though there's plenty of fucking machines in here who are people who are literally on their fucking planet.

Anyways, that's on page 21, which is the fucking lie.

> I said it's part of my job not to listen to the system feeds when they...make mistakes.

And then thinking,

> That's why you need constructs, SecUnits with organic components. But she should know that before she accepted deliver of me, she had logged about 10 protests trying to get out of having to have me. I didn't hold it against her. I wouldn't have wanted me either.

And again, that's a joke. That's that's supposed to be a joke of ~lol, I wouldn't want to own me as a slave either, lol, because I'm so insufferable and nobody likes me.~

And it's like, *we're talking about slavery*.

And this line of:

> before she accepted delivery of me, she had logged about 10 protests.

And this is what people use to justify and pretend that they're not slave owners. “They had no choice but to rent out a slave for literally no reason!”

[holding up book] Also, because I cannot stand it, I have to point again the massive fucking margin at the bottom of this page. And then they're not even making the, the page number, like, the page number is like noticeably smaller than the rest of the text.

So like they're not even making that bigger to so that you have to squint at that to see what it is. I mean you probably don't. I, I have to squint at it. But like look at that fucking margin. That's not the end of the chapter. The end of the chapter is over here. This is just ridiculous.

Yeah. Again, we're we're making light of being a fucking slave because ~I wouldn't want to have me either.~ Again, that's a joke. That's a, that's a joke about how slavery is funny and not a big deal because ~haha, it's just a self-deprecating joke~.

And again, yeah, we're we're supposed to think, “oh, uh, they they complained about having to rent out a slave, so that means the fact that they went out of their way, solar systems out of their way to rent out a slave, that means we can't actually be mad at them for that. Cuz um, they were annoyed by it. And then they still did it.”

Seriously.

> I don't know why I didn't just say, "You're welcome, and please get out of my cubicle so I can sit here and leak in peace."

Even though we literally went out of our way, Martha Wells went out of her way, to tell us like what was it three pages ago? Yeah, that was on page quote-

unquote 18, aka page nine. We're now on page quote-unquote 22. On page quote-unquote 18.

We established that Murderbot doesn't leak blood because its veins seal automatically. So, what exactly is it supposed to be leaking now? No, nothing at all.

And again, that's just supposed to be funny. “Please get out of my cubicle so I can sit here and leak in peace.” And she's using the word leak on purpose to make it funny and quirky and a joke, so that Murderbot being grievously injured by throwing itself in the line of fire to protect its slave owners, that's not actually supposed to be a serious thing that we can fucking take seriously as readers, because we don't, we don't get any description of the pain Murderbot is in.

And the fact that it's in pain is barely acknowledged at all. We don't get a description of what the injuries look like, how it's going to heal, how many resources are going to be required to heal it, and then we just get shit like, uh, “let me leak in peace, please.”

> “All right,” she said and looked at me for what objectively I knew was 2.4 seconds and subjectively about 20 excruciating minutes.

Also, people keep pointing this shit out and acting like it's a revolutionary concept, and uh ~that's how fast Murderbot thinks!!!~

And it's like, okay, this is not a new writing thing, it's just, you're just — it's ridiculous.

Like, so many people have mentioned shit like this when characters are embarrassed. Uh “he knew it had only been like two seconds but it felt like thousand fuckingyears standing there in the middle of the fucking hallway” something etc. This is not a new —

(from offscreen) Magnus tries to tell a joke

Uh, Ultra Magnus tries to tell a joke in some Transformer story.

Like, people are like, like going batshit over the statement:

> Objectively I knew it was 2.4 seconds, but subjectively it felt like a 20 excruciating minutes.

Like that's a brand new thing that Martha Wells has invented.

It's like no guys, that's not new, that's basic shit. Why are you acting like this is the first book you have ever read in your fucking life? Like what in the fucking is going on? Like, “oh, Martha Wells is such a genius writer. I've never heard the concept that time seems to slow down when you are embarrassed about something.” That's a brand — that's like a fucking shocking concept to people reading these books, apparently.

> “All right,” she said and looked at me for what objectively I knew was 2.4 seconds and subjectively about 20 excruciating minutes. “I'll see you in 8 hours. If you need anything before

> then, please send me an alert on the feed.” She stepped back and let the door slide closed.

And again, we're not getting a description of what? — how? — what kind of positions these characters are in, because Murderbot is supposed to be in something called a cubicle, lying on a plastic bed. So, presumably horizontal, but we don't actually get the fucking reference like, that ‘Mensah is above Murderbot looking down.’ Like, let me even scroll the fuck back.

[flips back book]

Yeah, it's just

> Doctor Mensah opened the door and peered in at me.

No mention of ‘she had to look down to meet my gaze because I was lying down’ or ‘I had to look up at her, which was even more nerve-wracking than when we were at eye level.’ Anything like that.

Murderbot's supposed to be lying down, but we're we're not getting any of that.

She stepped back and let the door slide closed.

And it's just like again — well, actually, I don't know if I brought it up in this series. I — It's in one of my other videos, but years and years and years ago when I was still in high school, I read a, a parody fanfiction for the BBC Merlin fandom. It may still exist somewhere. I'll try to find it.

Um, it's just parodying all the bad writing you ever see in badly written fanfiction where there's no setting. The characters are just speaking. No description of the room whatsoever.

And the parody does this by parodying all of the bad writing by having the characters suddenly go, "Wait, hold on. Hold on. Hold the fuck on, Merlin. Where are we? Are we in, Are we in the forest? Are we, Are we in, Are we in your room? Are we in the courtyard? Where are we? Are we in the tavern? Where are we? Where are we?"

And then they're just like, "Oh, um, well, the author didn't fucking describe the scene, so we are just in a fucking void. We could be literally anywhere. Also, how did you get here? Because as far as I can remember, we just started talking out of nowhere. Like, just there's just no setup for anything going on here and just all of this shit,”

And, and, and and that's that's literally what Martha Wells does, but unironically.

Like, we should be getting descriptions of how the characters are standing in position to one another, especially when you're talking about a slave and its fucking owner. Mensah standing above Murderbot in a position of power both symbolically and physically. That's a fucking thing. But we're not gonna do that, because we're just gonna do shitty bad fanfiction. Like I, I keep specifying these are written like *bad* fanfiction because there's a difference between bad fanfiction and good fanfiction. And this is written like bad fanfiction.

It left me wondering what they were all marveling at. So I called up the recording of the incident.

And yes, this is all just coming out of nowhere.

Wow. Okay. I had talked to

or no.

Okay. Wow. I had talked to all the way up the side of the crater. I had been mostly concerned with Hopper's trajectory and borrowed not bleeding out and what might come out of that crater for a second try. I hadn't been listening to myself. Basically, I had asked him if he had kids. It was boggling. Maybe I had been watching too much media.

And then in parenthesis,

he did have kids.

This is this is all one paragraph.

> He did have kids. He was in a four-way marriage and had seven all back home with his partners.

And that's the end of that paragraph. And okay, here's a concept what that I thought of the first time I read this and I got here. I was like, "Oh, uh, what if Murderbot is plural? What if Murderbot's literally fucking plural?" Because of the trauma of being a fucking slave. So, it has parts of its fucking consciousness that are friendly and. and chat with people and do stuff like that, but no. Nope.

It's just “Murderbot just did all of that somehow without knowing it was doing that or remembering it consciously.”

I, I mean, I'm just going to go with Murderbot is plural from now on, but that's not canon. I mean, it is canon as far as Murderbot does millions of fucking things and very complex actions that it has no recollection of whatsoever. What do you, what would, what do you call that besides plurality? The fact that it did all of these things and said all of these things

and had absolutely no recollection of it and is ab, like it's mind-boggling to murderbot. The sentence is

> it was boggling.

I'm just going to say Murderbots plural.

Anyways:

> All my levels were too elevated now for a rest period.

A thing that never comes up in any book following this because it's badly written.

> So, I decided I might as well get some use out of it and look at the other recordings. Then, I found something weird.

And and so Murderbot was about to go look at the other recordings of the things it did that it has absolutely no recollection of and can't understand it why, how it did that, uh but that gets interrupted.

I'm just going to say Murderbot is plural from now on.

> Then I found something weird. There was an abort order in the HubSystem command feed. The one that controlled or currently believed it controlled my governor module. It had to be a glitch. It didn't matter because when MedSystem has priority—

Uh, em dash, which is the long dash, to interrupt that, let me read it.

> There was an abort order in the HubSystem

HubSystem sent an abort order to Murderbot’s governor module. Uh we don't get any specifics, and that's said in the most convoluted way possible. I will read that sentence again.

> There was an abort order in the HubSystem command feed. The one that controlled or currently believed it controlled my governor module.

But what's the abort order for? Because and as again, again, um in order, this isn't foreshadowing. This is not foreshadowing, because foreshadowing kind of requires you to give the information to the audience. We're not being given it, there's something in at the last minute. Yeah.

> It had to be a glitch. It didn't matter because when MedSystem has priority,

And I don't understand that either, but whatever.

Uh, we get

> performance reliability at 39% stasis initiated for emergency repair sequence.

A thing that will literally fucking —

I swear to God, they put an entire —

Oh my god, do you see how pathetic this is?

They put an entire blank page after chapter 1 to separate it from chapter 2.

Despite having a page break.

[holding up book] This is what a page break is. You can do it on your fucking computer on your uh LibreOffice, Open Office, to make the next thing just skip to the end of the page and start typing on the next.

That's how it works. These fuckers, they didn't just stop at putting this massive fucking margin at the bottom of each page. They don't just stop at lying about what page number you're on. They are inserting entire full blank pages.

Let's — Let's just flip. Oh, it doesn't want to flip. Okay.

Oh, look at that. They do it for chapter 3, too. Oh my god.

Oh, they they didn't do it for chapter 4, though. That's not weird at all. Like, are you — They're not even being consistent.

Are they going to do it for all of the chapters or just just just some of them?

Did they give up like halfway through?

Yeah, they're do — they didn't do it at the for chapter five either. Are you hearing this? This is ridiculous.

Did, did — was somebody in charge of putting those in? They don't do it for chapter six.

They do it for chapter 7

And they don't do it for chapter 8. What is the fucking point of this?

So, they do it for chapter 2, three, and seven, I think. All right — what? Like this is just bullshit, I swear to God, this is so pathetic.

You put a page break there, so now the very next page should be this, but instead, it's completely blank.

So that — so that they could — so they could buff this shit out, to not even accomplish a single centimeter of book, so that they can pretend that this is worth the same as Ancillary Justice, an actual fucking novel with characterization and world building and political commentary that Martha Wells decided to fuck up every single way possible.

Anyways, we're now on chapter two after this blank page.

> When I woke up, I was mostly all there again

Because god forbid we have stakes.

Oh, I don't have my my little notepad open, I closed it. Uh, where the fuck did I put it? My notepad thing doesn't have an “open recent things” and I have a bunch of things. What did I name it? Oh, okay. Okay, I found it.

Yeah, we do have to include another random ass performance reliability blah to avoid actually ending the scene.

Um, this counts for the overpowered ableism because we're, we're told murderbots are supposed to be cheap, and yet Murderbot successfully healed. Uh:

> I was mostly all there again and up to 80% efficiency and climbing. I checked all the feeds immediately in case the humans wanted to go out

As though they're dogs. As though they're dogs and not slave owners!

> in case the humans wanted to go out.

Like they're literally — talking about a fucking dog that you're petsitting.

> But Mensah had extended the security interdict on the habitat for another 4 hours, which was a relief since it would give me time to get back up

to the 98% range. But there was also a notice for me to report to her.

That's fucking rude.

That had never happened before. But maybe she wanted to go over the hazard info package and figure out why it hadn't warned us about the underground hostile. I was wondering a little about that myself.

And if

(to person offscreen) Were you here when I was pointing out that it's very bizarre for Mensah to just be like, interrupting the person who's trying to get healed, to just blather their fucking ear off and argue with them, when they're actively in a hospital bed? Trying to go to sleep, to heal and you're just here arguing with them? Like it's just fucking weird as shit.

(to camera again) Anyways, you notice how the PreservationAux team are just all still treating it like a fucking slave?

(person speaking intelligibly from offscreen)

Like Mensah not even there — Huh?

(from offscreen) Full month in.

A full month in. A full fucking month into this shit.

They're just putting in saying, "Hey, come here when you're awake, even if you're not fully healed yet." She doesn't even wait. Mensah doesn't even wait until it is fully fucking healed, it's only 80% healed and climbing. Just passively, just just just casual health regeneration.

> Their group was called PreservationAux and it had bought an option on this planet's resources and the survey trip was to see if it was

I have the hiccups for the record.

> And the survey trip was to see if it was worth bidding on a full share.

And we don't get an explanation for what the fuck any of that means.

Like, this is a this is a capitalist dystopia. You have to explain how these things function in a capitalist space dystopia where all — every facet of capitalism is worse.

> Knowing about things on the planet that might eat them while they're trying to do whatever it is they're going — whatever it is they're doing was kind of important. I don't care much about who my clients are or what they're trying to accomplish. I knew this group was from a freehold planet, but I hadn't bothered to look up the specifics. Freehold meant it had been terraformed and colonized, but wasn't affiliated with any corporate con confederations. Basically freehold generally meant

shit so — shit-so — show, shitshow.

I can't fucking say that word for some reason.

> So I hadn't been expecting much from them.
> But they were surprisingly easy to work for.

And it's like okay, Martha Wells, why are you like — and this isn't, this isn't explicitly in universe propaganda. It's true. Preservation is the exception. So it's like, so what? How is this anti- capitalist? If you're saying that everybody except Preservation, they're the good ones. They're the exception that proves the rule.

What are you fucking saying? If you're saying that all of the planets that also, just look at this fucking disgustingly huge margin at the top of the page and then the even bigger one at the bottom. I just hate it so fucking much. I swear to God. And they didn't even use this bullshit to jump for bigger text.

What are you saying, Martha Wells, about everybody else? You're saying that everybody else who's not Preservation, who's not a capitalist planet, is a shit hole. How is that anti- capitalist?

Like, because Murderbot — this is never proven wrong. This is actively upheld — it's literally just everyone that's not ruled by the fed the corporations is a shit hole and Preservation is the sole fucking exception. It's fucking ridiculous.

It's literally just just capitalist propaganda that never gets fuckin, uh pushed back against. And it's just ridiculous, I swear to god.

> But they were surprisingly easy to work for

because you know they're my ~good pure cinnamon roll slave owners. They're so nice.~

> I cleaned all the stray fluids off my new skin, then climbed out of the cubicle. That was when I realized I hadn't put the pieces of my armor up, and it was all over the floor, covered with my fluids, and Bharadwaj's blood. No wonder Mensah had looked into the cubicle. She had probably thought I was dead in there. I put it all back into its slots in the reclaimer for repair.

Also, Mensah, dick, fucking move. Why would — What? We're supposed to believe these are good people who care about slaves, and are good people and are “good slave owners”, so therefore they're not slave owners at all. But she saw how [__] drastically injured Murderbot was to the point that it didn't even notice that it was just dropping shit in its efforts to get into the fucking medical pod.

And she just left all that on the floor for it to clean up.

What if we could have had all of these people put on their fucking hazmat suits, proper fucking PPE, she — actually it is Mensah's job, because she's the one in charge of this shit, so, she's she's literally has to be the one in charge of cleaning up fucking blood spills.

We're just going to go with grocery basic grocery store management things. Men's in charge. It's her fucking job to clean up spills involving blood. and we're going to include Murderbot’s never described fluids. We're just gonna assume that's blood, but dehumanized blood. So, it's just called a fluid because “you're, you're subhuman. So, you don't get to have

blood. You just have fucking fluid, because you're just a shitty alien alien fanfiction version of David / the Working Joe's.”

Why didn't Mensah fucking clean up the fucking armor that Murderbot almost fucking died in? She has access to PPE. She has access to all the same fucking cleaning supplies.If we are supposed to fucking believe that these are good people who care about slaves and care about Murderbot, why are they leaving it to clean up its own fucking blood stains from it almost dying to save one of their fucking lives?

How is this — How is this good, good person fucking actions?

You know, if, if, if I cared about somebody and they had almost just fucking died saving my friend's fucking life, and their bloody clothes were all over the floor, I would get some fucking PPE and fucking pick up all the shit, clean up all of their fucking blood so that they can focus on fucking healing and not dying, and put it in the fucking washing machine.

Like, all Murderbot had to do was put it into its slots in the reclaimer for repair. You just pick it up and you put it in the fucking sci-fi washing machine.

Why didn't any of these people that we're supposed to believe are good people do this for Murderbot?

Why does it have to wake up from almost fucking dying and immediately clean up this shit?

It risked its fucking life for these people and they can't even be bothered to just fucking take some — god even just, fucking salad tongs! Just take some fucking salad tongs, pick up the fucking armor, put it in the goddamn repair thing!!!

Because now Murderbot is going to have to wait for its fucking armor to get repaired. And they just left this all on the fucking floor. I'm just — Oh my god. Are you hearing this? Why would you do that to someone? Why would you do that to someone?

The second you examine these characters as people who are supposed to be interacting with the world

even when the protagonist is not looking, literally like the f — this is called active reading right now. where we are actually paying attention to what's going on and asking “how does that fit into the larger context” and Murderbot having to fucking wake up and immediately crawl out of its hospital bed and go clean up its bloodied fucking clothes and armor because it was too fucking exhausted and traumatized to do so before it got into the fucking hospital bed, and all of the other people who are perfectly fucking fine —

They've had eight fucking hours to do anything to help it whatsoever, to just show basic fucking courtesy. It fucking almost died to save Bharadwaj.

Doctor Mensah was in there specifically fucking bothering it in a, in a fucking performative show of, "Oh, we're concerned about you. Um, not going to do anything to help you though. I am I am in fact just going to fucking argue with you while you're injured.”

Like, what in the fucking is this shit? This is going to piss me off for so fucking long now.

Like, what in the fuck?

Why wouldn't you —

Why would you not—

Why would you not—

How are —

How are we supposed to see these as good people when they literally cannot even be bothered?

Yeah, that person, our fucking meat — enslaved meatshield. literally almost died saving her life, and his life — successfully saved their fucking lives, and was so injured it literally just had to strip itself naked and climb into the fucking hospital bed to get healed.

“I'm just gonna leave all of that that bloody clothes on the floor even though we have. all of us have the ability to fucking clean this shit up so that the fucking meatshield slave who risked its life to save our friend

doesn't have to deal with this shit when it wakes up after almost dying.”

What in the fuck!

You know that whole uh “yeah, he says he's feminist, but does he wash the dishes” shit?

Like, yeah, you claim you care about Murderbot, but do you even fucking do the bare minimum to help it when it just fucking almost died for you?

You won't even put its bloody clothes in the fucking washing machine! Your super space sci-fi washing machine that's in the same room! You literally just chuck them in! You don't even have to push any buttons! Just put it in there.!

Oh my god, I am going to be so pissed, just even the little things — because the little things build up to the larger fucking picture and it's like, Jesus Christ, imagine a fanfiction of your favorite characters and one of them fucking threw themselves into the mouth of a grabid to protect the other people, and then was

so almost dead that they didn't even have time to wash their fucking bloody clothes before collapsing.

And the characters we're supposed to like just leave their bloody clothes all over their fucking apartment and leave them to fucking have to clean this shit up in the morning when they wake up from almost fucking dying.

Like, oh my god. That's on page 26. I'm going to be so fucking enraged by this forever now. Wow. Like, I noticed this the first time, but I was like not fucking even — Oh my god.

Just go about vibes. Can I type my damn number?

We're 17 pages into the story and the characters that we're supposed to believe, um, are good people, they won't even clean up, they, they will force you to fucking clean — and just, Jesus Christ — Clean up your own blood.

You have to clean up your own blood after you risk your fucking life to save them.

Even though the person who literally should be in charge of blood spills, if you've never worked at a fucking grocery store, that's the fucking term for it. It's a blood spill because uh, bloodborne pathogens are a fucking thing. So only the fucking managers are allow — literally only the managers are allowed to do anything involving blood, because they're not allowed to literally make the fucking lowest workers, uh, engage with blood spills and potentially get a fucking deadly disease.

Mensah is — I don't give a shit. They're from Preservation. It's supposed to be a utopia. Mensah's in charge of blood spills. She's in charge. She's — It's her fucking responsibility.

But she is just making the slave that they have been treating like a fucking object — they know it's fucking — risked their lives and almost died and saved two of them, and, and they don't even give enough shits — they're not even grateful enough to clean up its bloody clothes.

Literally all they have to do just get some fucking PPE. Personal Protective Equipment if you don't fucking know what that means. Just get some fucking latex gloves. Pick the fucking armor up, put it in the fucking reclaimer, aka super sci-fi washing machine, and get a fucking mop.

It's a super sci-fi thing. They probably don't even need mops. You can probably just tell HubSystem, "Hey, spray some fucking disinfectant here” because they don't know HubSystem is supposed to be doing stuff yet.

Like,

> No wonder Mensah had looked into the cubicle. She had probably thought I was dead in there. I put it all back into its slots in the reclaimer for repair.

But it's like, okay, so Mensah, she had access to Murderbot's fucking status thing, so she would have known when it fell unconscious because of its damage. And, and, and she, and nobody else here, of

the seven other — seven? Yeah, seven other slave owner characters, not a single one of them, even though we're told they're good people, not a single one of them decided to just, in eight fucking hours — eight whole goddamn hours! — none of them decided, “I'm, I'm going to be—”

No, like, imagine if Volescu had done it—

Or whoever here is the closest friends with Volescu and Bharadwaj had only left the their side in the fucking infirmary to come here and clean up Murderbot's blood so that it doesn't have to, because — to show gratitude for it fucking almost dying to save their fucking friends!

Going from the infirmary where Bharadwaj and Volescu are, to Murderbot, because it's also in the fucking infirmary even if it's in the segregated section of the fucking hospital. Only “real purely organic humans allowed”. Jesus Christ.

> I put it all back into the its slots in the reclaimer for repair. I had an alternate set, but

> it was still packed into storage, and it would take extra time to pull it out and do the diagnostics and the fitting. I hesitated over the uniform, but the security feed would have notified Mensah that I was awake, so I needed to get out there.

So, Murderbot is in a rush because it is afraid that it's going to get in trouble if it doesn't get the fuck out to Mensah. I'm going to call her Doctor Mensah from now on because it fucking irritates the hell out of me that the, the narration is not lining up with the fucking prose. It's completely inconsistent and it infuriates me.

Uh…

> I hesitated over the uniform, but the security feed would have notified Doctor Mensah that I was awake, so I needed to get out there.

So Murderbot is quietly fucking panicking. It doesn't want to just have to wear a uniform because it likes wearing the armor because it protects it.

And we're pretending that that's their excuse, the slave owner's excuse, for not “not realizing” it was a person, a fucking lie. So, Murderbot is scared that if it doesn't get the fuck out there as soon as possible, Doctor Mensah is going to hurt it, because Doctor Mensah didn't bother — even though we're supposed to believe these are good people who care about slaves —sShe didn't say anything like, "Take your time. I don't want you to get hurt," or anything like that. Um, “there's no rush.” didn't say anything to give any kind of assurance that it's not going to be punished if it doesn't literally bolt out there as soon as it's fucking conscious again.

> It was based

And again with the lack of pronoun,

> it was based on a standard research group's uniforms and meant to be comfortable inside the habitat. Knit gray pants.

Also, what do you mean knit gray? Are they really knit? Because when you say a thing is knit, like, I

don't think they have knit gr — unless Preservation brought these uniforms with them, which I highly fucking doubt, because

(from offscreen) I think she means sweatpants.

Yeah, that — Yeah, but saying knit like — this is supposed to be a super futuristic sci-fi. I don't think they're knit. I think whatever. Just say “soft fabric, gray pants, long sleeve t-shirt, and a jacket.”

> Like the exercise clothes, humans, and augmented humans

Is that the first time we have the word augmented humans?

Martha Wells loves dehumanizing physically disabled people, and it's bad enough in this one. It gets worse the longer it goes on, and the long, the longer — she just doubles down on it. And it's infuriating at this point.

> like the exercise clothes humans and augmented humans wore, plus soft shoes. I put it on, tugged the sleeves down over the gunports on my forearms, and went out into the habitat. I went through two interior secure doors to the crew area and found

And you notice how we're still not getting a single description of what any of these hallways looks like. Not even a description of the hallways, not a description of the setup.

We're just told, "I went out. I left my room and I went through two more doors and then I was in the crew area”

> and found them in the main hub in a huddle around a console looking at one of the hovering displays. They were all there except Bharadwaj who was still in the infirmary and Volescu, who was sitting in there with her — in there with her. There were mugs and empty meal packets on some of the consoles. I'm not cleaning that up unless I'm given a direct order.

(to person offscreen) What?

(from offscreen) didn’t say anything

(to person offscreen) Okay.

Mensah was busy, so I stood and waited. Rathi

No “doctor”, I'm putting in the fucking “doctor”s because it's inconsistent and I'm going to — No... I guess I shouldn't do that for your benefit.

Mensah was busy, so I stood and waited. Rathi glanced at me and then did a startled double take. I had no idea how to react. This is why I prefer wearing the armor even inside the habitat where it's unnecessary and can just get in the way. Human clients

As though Murderbot's not human, because it's literally a fucking cyborg.

Human clients usually like to pretend I'm a robot, and that's much easier in the armor. I let

> my eyes unfocus and pretended I was running a diagnostic on something.

(sarcasm begins) Don't worry, guys. Murderbot's totally machine intelligence as of 2020. Yeah. Yeah, guys. Murderbot's totally not an actual human at all. It's It's not like it just has to *pretend* to be a fucking robot. Not like it's literally a goddamn cyborg who has been dehumanized and brainwashed into seeing itself as subhuman. (sarcasm ends)

You know, they literally call it an android and a droid on the back of this book. How fucking pathetic.

> Clearly bewildered, Rathi said, "Who is this?" They all turned to look at me, all but Mensah, who was sitting at the console with the interface pressed to her forehead.

And again, lack of descriptions! What, what do you mean `the interface is pressed to her forehead?` What does that interface look like? How does it interface with her fucking forehead? How is any of this working?

We're not going to get descriptions because this is written like it's shitty fanfiction for a, you know, the what's the word I'm looking for? The source material that we've all already read slash watched.

So, we don't — she “doesn't need” to give explanations even though *this is the source material*. This *is* the original fiction.

> It was clear that even after seeing my face on Volescu's camera video, they didn't recognize me without the helmet. So then I had to look at them and say, "I'm your SecUnit." They all looked startled and uncomfortable, almost as uncomfortable as I did. I wished I had waited to pull the spare armor out. Part of it is they didn't want me here. Not here in their hub, but here on the planet. One of the reasons the bond the bond company requires it besides slapping more expensive markups on their clients is that I was recording all their conversations all the time. Though I wasn't monitoring anything I didn't need to do a half-ass version of my job. But the company would access all those

> recordings and data mine them for everything they could sell. No, they don't tell people that. Yes, everyone does know it. No, there's nothing you can do about it.

And it's like, so this is Martha Wells attempting to like say, uh, “selling people's data is bad and recording people against their will is bad.”

Except the problem is that then every single other fucking story in this goddamn series expects you to agree that it's awesome and cool for Murderbot to spy on literally everyone at literally every single fucking time, including children.

So the, the the attempted statement of “oh, uh,,, surveillance is bad” — except when Murderbot does it literally all the time, and then we are literally expected to think that the characters who have a problem with this are Evil and Ableist Against the Robot, because you don't want to be spied on and have your private conversations in your fucking home recorded without your fucking knowledge.

So, she's literally saying here, trying to act like, "Oh, um, people don't like Murderbot because it spies on everybody and that's a bad thing."

But then the literally entire rest of the series wants you to feel bad about telling — about — it wants you to hate anybody who tells Murderbot, "Stop fucking spying on me. Do not fucking record my goddamn conversations. What the fuck? I did not give you permission to record video of me. I didn't give you permission to record my voice. Why the fuck are you listening in on my private conversations?”

No good character that we're supposed to like is ever allowed to say anything like that, because the entire rest of the series is unironically — unintentionally, but unironically — saying that if you think it's bad for your privacy to be invaded, that means that you're a bigot towards poor little autistic robots.

I'm not joking.

You'll fucking see.

Let me get a drink. Pause this for once.

Okay, I'm back. I've had my tea made.

Also, I have in my notepad, before I forget any further, I wrote down that uh afterward for the last video, we get told that having Murderbot patrol inside the habitat would be “a stupid waste of resources”, and yet everybody putting things on lockdown for a graboid that is like, hundreds of miles away probably, in a completely different ecosystem, isn't a stupid waste of resources? That's just a basic inconsistency.

Uh yeah, this whole bullshit, pretending to pretending to care and pretending to think that um, surveillance and data mining is bad — except for the entire rest of the series then comes along to say “no actually it's perfectly good and fine and progressive actually for Murderbot to spy on everybody, and anybody who has a problem with that, um they're racist against robots” and it's just ridiculous.

> after a subjective half hour and an objective 3.4 seconds

because we are all we're not even how many fucking pages ago was that? That was less, [counting] one... that was three, like four pages ago, that we did that the first time, and we are already going to attempt to beat that dead horse.

Uh…

> after a subjective half hour and an objective 3.4 seconds, Doctor Mensah turned.

We're calling her Doctor Mensah suddenly. That's weird. I didn't add that in. That's weird and incon — which is weird and inconsistent.

> Doctor Mensah turned saw me and lowered the interface.

The interface we still don't know what the fuck it looks like.

> She said we were checking the hazard report for the region to try and learn why that thing wasn't listed under hazardous fauna. Pin-Lee

> thinks the data has been altered. Can you examine the report for us?

And again, this is like this is just such a fucking bizarre way of speaking. Doctor Mensah just goes from zero to

> we were checking the hazard report for this region to try and learn why that thing wasn't listed under hazardous for fauna. Pin-Lee thinks the data has been altered. Can you examine the report for us?

No asking, um, “are you feeling better?” No asking “are you okay?” No asking, um, “do you need — do you want to go off duty for longer? Do you think you're fully recovered?” Nothing like that.

Just gets straight to, you know, using the fucking slave as a goddamn slave.

> “Yes, Doctor Mensah.” I could have done this in my cubicle and we could all have all saved the embarrassment. Anyway, I picked up the feed

she was watching from HubSystem and started to check the report.

Like, yeah, literally, why is she making Murderbot walk all the fucking way out here when it was just grievously injured and then they made it clean up its bloody clothes and have made it walk all the way out here and not one single fucking word of like — even when they realize that this is Murderbot they're talking to, nobody says, "Oh my gosh, are you okay?" They're all just staring at it silently. It — Jesus Christ.

It was basically a long list of pert

It's a Wikipedia page.

It was basically a long list of pertinent info and warnings on the planet and specifically the area where our habitat was with emphasis on weather, terrain, flora, fauna, air quality, mineral deposits, possible hazards related to any, and all of those with connections to subreports with more detailed information. Doctor Gurathin, the least talkative one, was an

> augmented human and had his own implanted interface. I could feel him poking around in the data, while the others using the touch interfaces were just distant ghosts. I had a lot more processing power than he did, though

because you're a fully integrated cyborg.

> I thought they were being paranoid. Even with the interfaces, you actually have to read the words, preferably all the words. Sometimes non- augmented humans don't do that. Sometime augmented humans don't do it either.

Very funny thing to say for an author who's actively cultivating an audience that just fucking reads off of vibes and no actual looking at the fucking words. Pretty fucking ironic.

> But as I checked the general warning section, I noticed something was odd about the formatting. A quick comparison with the other parts of the report report told me that yeah, something had been removed. A connection to a

> subreport broken. “You're right,” I said, distracted as I rifled through data storage looking for the missing piece. I couldn't find it. It wasn't just a broken connection. Somebody had actually deleted the subreport. That was supposed to be impossible with this type of planetary survey package, but I guess it wasn't as impossible as all that. “Something’s been deleted from the warnings and the section on fauna.” The reaction to that in general was pretty pissed off. There were some loud complaints from Pin-Lee and Overse and dramatic throwing-hands-in-the-air from Ratthi. But, like I said, they were all friends and a lot less restrained with each other than my last set of contractual obligations. It was why, if I forced myself to admit it, I had actually been enjoying this contract, up until something tried to eat me and Bharadwaj.

What a strange sentence.

Like, okay, the,

> the reaction to that in general was pretty pissed off.

They start yelling and throwing their hands into the air and behaving angrily.

And you know, if, if Murderbot were actually written like a fucking slave in a setting where we understand that slavery is evil, this should be causing Murderbot some extremely fucking severe anxiety, because pissed off fucking slave owners means bad things for the fucking slave who's in the room and is a very convenient target who can't fucking fight back.

But no, instead we get, uh, it—

> but like I said, they were all friends and a lot less restrained with each other than my last set of contractual obligations. It was why if I forced to myself to admit it, I had actually been enjoying this contract, up until something tried to eat me and Bharadwaj.

Yeah, we're just going to gloss over any actual triggering-ness that this should be causing for the fucking slave who has been abused by slave owners its whole fucking life.

People, its slave own, current slave owners, getting extremely fucking pissed off, yelling, throwing shit, throwing their hands in the air and yelling? That should be causing Murderbot anxiety. It should be getting afraid of getting fucking hurt and it should then be des —

— If, if we must go with “these are the best slave owners ever”, then it should be feeling that anxiety, crushing fucking anxiety, instinctively backing the fuck away from them, and then trying to reassure itself, “no, they're, they're they're nice so far. They haven't hurt me. It's probably fine.”

And then, you know, if we give a shit about these people *and* we want to pretend they're good people, they would all immediately see this reaction from their fucking slave who's obviously traumatized, and go, "Oh, no — we're not — we're not angry at you. Sorry, sorry for scaring you! We're just angry at this thing, not at you. We're not going to hurt you in any way.”

But no, we we just don't do any of that, because that would require thinking slavery is bad, and taking it seriously instead of just using it as shitty fucking set dressing. Let me get a drink.

That would, you know, that would make the story serious instead of light-hearted comedy. So that's why we don't do any of that at all.

Why are we fucking going on a random tangent? That's so weird. The next page is —That's so random.

I'll... I'll read that last sentence. It was why — the slavery apologism sentence, just so you can see how bizarre and out of nowhere this next paragraph on the page is. Uh...

> it waswhy if I force myself to admit it, I had actually been enjoying this cont[ract]

Murderbot enjoys being enslaved. “It's only when the slave owners are *mean* that being a slave is a problem, you see.”

> up until something tried to eat me and Bharadwaj
> SecSystem

S E C, as in security, because Martha Wells thinks if she just shoves a bunch of shitty acronyms in here that makes it real sci-fi.

SecSystem

And it's just going to sound like I'm saying sex system, which everybody makes jokes about. I don't give a shit. It's also just — [holds up book] Look at this disgusting margin. I'm going to keep repeating it. Look at this fucking disgusting margin.

They literally have this whole piece of paper, and there — it looks like that shitty Arsene Lupin fucking scam that somebody just, very badly printed a PDF and tried to make it a book and didn't even properly refi — resize it at all. It's a very niche complaint to make. You can go find it. It's not illegal, cuz Arsene Lupin is public domain, but it's just like, come on, you can do better than that. Are you fucking kidding me?

(to person offscreen) If you have images of that, try to find an image.

(from offscreen) I don't.

(to person offscreen) Okay.

> SecSystem record every — records everything even inside the Al.

So, you notice how we we just keep doing redundant shit? It's going to get worse. We have HubSystem, we have MedSystem, we have Murderbot, *and* we have SecSystem because, (sarcasm begins) you know, we just need just keep adding more redundant things in. It's not like it clutters up the storytelling or anything. (Sarcasm ends) Why not have Warriors *and* Soldiers? Because nobody told her no!

> SecSystem records everything, even inside the sleeping cabins. And I see everything. That's why it's easier to pretend I'm a robot.

Murderbot admitting it's not a fucking robot. And yet on the back of the book, we literally get lied to and told it's a droid and an android. Android is bad enough. Droid? That's a fucking crime, because that

— calling it a droid. They're trying to profit off of, they're just trying to ride on the coattails of Star Wars there in particular.

> That's why it's easier to pretend I'm a robot. Oversee and Arada were a couple, but from the way they'd acted, they'd always been one.

And they — So, it's had to watch Overse and Arada having sex.

> But from the way they'd acted, they'd always been one and they were best friends with Rathi. Rathi had an unrequited thing for Pin-Lee, but didn't act stupid about it. Pin-Lee was exasperated a lot and tossed things around when the others weren't there, but it wasn't about Rathi. I thought that being under the company's eye affected her more than the others. Volescu admired Mensah to the point where he might have a crush on her. Pin-Lee did too, but she and Bharadwaj flirted flirted occasionally in —

who the... This is all one paragraph.

> But Pin Pin-Lee did too. But she and Bharadwaj flirted occasionally in an old comfortable way that suggested it had been going on for a long time. Gurathin was the only loner, but he seemed to like being with the others. He had a small, quiet smile, and they all seemed to like him.

That's just a, um, that's called an info dump. That's all one fucking paragraph.

(from offscreen) It was like a blurb she wrote for herself as a note.

Yeah. And then actually use that to — That's all one paragraph. Yeah.

> It was a low stress group. They didn't argue much or antagonize each other for fun and were fairly restful to be around as long as they didn't try to talk or interact with me in any way.

Even though you're supposed to be a traumatized slave who has been abused by slave owners your whole life and these people are extremely pissed off right now and are reacting violently with violent uh emotions and shouting and gestures.

A thing that should be causing you stress if this story were serious and actually asking us to take slavery seriously, but it doesn't.

Hence why we're being told these slave owners are so quirky. “Look how Queer they are! They got queer crushes! That makes being a slavery owner okay!”

> With an expression of frustration, Rathi said, "So, we have no way to know if that creature was an aberration or if they live at the bottom of all those craters."

And it's like, why do you need to be looking in the fucking craters anyways?

Martha Wells, why don't you fucking tell us why these motherfuckers are here in the first place, and what

they think is so goddamn important that they need to enslave someone to do it Hmm??

> Arada, who was one of the biology specialists

Since fucking when?

> said, "You know, I bet they do. If those big avians,

I'm going to nitpick the fuck out of that. They're not avians. They're not on Earth. They're not birds. Just say those big winged things, the big flying things, they're not avians. Whatever.

Anyways,

> “You know, I bet they do. If those big avians we saw on the scans land on those barrier islands frequently, that creature might be preying on them.”
> “It would explain what the craters are doing there,” Mensah said more thoughtfully.

So, she's supposed to be saying that thoughtfully.

“It would explain what the creators are doing there.” That would be the anomal — that would be one anomaly out of the way at least. “But who removed that subreport?” Pin-Lee said, which I agreed was the more important question here. She turned to me with one of those abrupt movements that I had taught myself not to react to. “Can the HubSystem be hacked?” From the outside, I had no idea. It was as easy as breathing to do it from the inside with the built-in interfaces in my own body. I had hacked it as soon as it had come online when we set up the habitat, I had to. If it monitored the governor module and my feed like it was supposed to, it could lead to a lot of awkward questions and me being stripped for parts.

“As far as I know, it's possible,” I said. “But it's more likely that the report was damaged before you received the survey package.”

And then just this sentence all by itself in one paragraph:

> Lowest bidder. Trust me on that one.

What does that fucking mean? Because — hold, it doesn't make sense.

“It's more likely that the report was damaged before you receive the survey package.” And then just just by itself, “Lowest bidder. Period. Trust me on that one. Period.:

And it's like — because on the back of the book, we say like, where the fuck did it go? Um, “in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.”

And it's like, okay, there's, there's several massive problems with this whole conceit here, especially this random ass fucking sentence that comes out of nowhere and means nothing.

Um, we saying — this is saying that these people put on an advertisement saying they're looking for a security company, and then these people, from Preservation who were told are good people who care about safety and, you know, not violating Space OSHA...

We're now supposed to be convinced that they went with “the company.” Totally not Weyland-Yutani or anything. They went with “the company” because it was the cheapest option, even though they're *supposed to be* good people who care about basic safety and would like to not die, and have literally the resources of an entire fucking planet at their disposal….

You're telling me that that the people from Preservation went with the cheapest company they could possibly find, because they're lazy, cheap bastards?

That doesn't line up with how we're *supposed to* see these characters, because we're *supposed to* see

them as “the best ever socialist utopia, they're such good people. They really care about safety.”

Like, they could afford a company that's not going to get them killed by being cheap and cutting corners. But we're supposed to believe they went with the cheapest one possible because, that's what “safety where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.”

But it is for these people, because they're from Preservation, and we're supposed to believe that they're like, competent and care about other people.

None of this shit makes sense the second you actually fucking think about it instead of just going off of vibes of, "Oh yeah, they had to go with the company."

It's like, did they though?

Because they're the ones hiring the company, not the other fucking way around. These people had every choice in the world!

They have, I cannot stress to you enough, they have all the money that an entire fucking planet run on slave labor can generate. And that's a lot of fucking money they could have just bought —

Why didn't they just bring their own security? None of this makes sense.

Literally, just thinking about it for five fucking seconds is enough to make all of this shit fall apart. Especially when she's just inserting this

> Lowest bidder. Trust me on that one.

Out of nowhere. It's fucking meaningless. There's no context for that. It's just in there. It's just there. It's ridiculous.

> There were groans and general complaining about having to pay high prices for shitty equipment. I don't take it personally. Mensah said, "Gurathin, maybe

Also, why are — these these people are supposed to be friends? Why are they calling each other by their last names?

It makes sense for Murderbot to call them by their last names because it doesn't fucking like them — well, it's not *supposed to* like them yet. It does. It very obviously already worships the ground they walk, but it's not supposed to be friends with them yet, even though it is.

Why are they referring to each other as Mensah, Gurathin, Bharadwaj? Those are their last names. These people have grown up together. Why are like, why are they calling each other by their last names?

Again, it's just bad fucking writing, written like shitty fanfiction.

> There's no reason these people wouldn't be call — especially because we just got told multiple of them have a have a crush on Mensah. Like, they're not going to be calling each other by their last fucking names. They're going on a be

> on a first fucking name basis. “Gurathin maybe you and Pin-Lee

And we don't even—

whatever.

> “Maybe you and Pin-Lee can figure out what happened.” Most of my clients only know their special

This is — that's — Oh my god. The paragraphs in this are fucking atrocious. This is all one paragraph. I will tell you when we get to the end of the paragraph.

This paragraph continues up to the next page and — there's ink misprints on the next page.

Start of the paragraph.

> There were groans in general complaining about having to pay high prices for shitty equipment. Period. Start parenthesis. I don't take it personally. Period. End parenthesis.

> Mensah said, "Gurathin, comma, maybe you and Pin-Lee can figure out what happened." Period. End of the dialogue. Most of my clients only know their specialties, and there's no reason to send a system specialist along on a survey trip. Period. The company supplies all the systems and attachments. Parenthesis. The medical equipment, the drones, me, comma, etc. End parenthesis. And will maintain it as part of the overall package the clients purchase. But Pin-Lee seemed to be a gifted amateur at system interpretation, and Gurathin had an advantage with his internal interface. Period. Mensah added, "In the meantime, does the DeltFall group have the same survey package we do?”

Maybe you can you can see the little ink uh misprints, splatters. It's even at the bottom of the page. It's not showing up very well. It's like right here. and like all those darker smudges. You can't read the text obviously, but there's just there's smudges of ink everywhere.

That was all one fucking atrocious paragraph. I checked. Period.

HubSystem thought it was likely.

That's a third asterisk.

So fucking —

(From offscreen) Would you like to get an example from Transformers?

(to person offscreen) You'll have to come over here or turn the fan or just talk louder.

(to camera) We're pausing quick.

(to person offscreen) You can stay behind the card—

(from offscreen) Pre-war Megatron and Soundwave are standing above a coliseum and talking. Soundwave, you seem distracted. As always, your emotions get in the way. They something something like that. They are not my emotions. And your

creatures here, these are they are friends. Cyberronians, not creatures. I know. I merely wondered if you did.

(to person offscreen.) I'm not clear on who's talking, so you got to just say their names. Restart.

(from offscreen) Okay. Megatron says, "Hey, Soundwave. Uh, you seem distracted as usual. Your emotions get in the way." Sound replies, "They [something something] like that. They are not my emotions." Megatron asked. “and your creatures here.” And Soundwave replies, "These are these are friends, Cyberronians. They are not creatures." And Megatron responds with, "I know. I merely wondered if you did as well." And then in the voice over, Soundwave says, "He told the truth. As hard as it was then for me to shut out the sounds and sights of the world, I knew here was a Cybertronian. He told the truth. The sense, the emotion was unlike anything I had ever experienced." He looked at Ravage, Laserbeak, and Buzzsaw, and he saw brothers, not slaves. Here was someone whose emotions, whose thoughts, I did not want to block. “You know what the

Ratioist, the Functionist, would do to your friends. Each a cog in a great machine.”

(to person offscreen) You're you're getting quieter.

(From offscreen) Yeah, “Desimus. He says that he ser he serves with my employer. Serves the Senate. the Senate should be serving Cybertron. Instead, they rule us. What does uh the senator want from us?”

(from offscreen) Just that every single person Soundwave interacts with just sees the cassetticons and just like, "Oh, you just have a bunch of animals following you around." He's like, "They're not animals. They're people. They are equals." And that's the first thing that Megatron thinks and knows when he sees them is that he sees them as brothers in arms and not simply little slave creatures to be little pets. Yes.

(end of offscreen Transformers lore cameo)

Anyways, so yeah, everybody and their mom will tell you that this book series is about about how “robots are people, too!!”

But you notice how HubSystem, SecSystem, even MedSystem, they don't count as robots. They don't count as people. Even though you're kind of fucking required to delve into the goddamn question of “what separates a robot who's a person from any other machine?”, you do have to fucking ask that question. But we're not going to ask that question, because the series doesn't actually care about saying robots are people.

It, what it really is, is, “once a slave, always a slave”.

And also, “the only robots and cyborgs we will consider people are the protagonists”. You'll see.

Where the fuck was I? Oh, yeah. Uh,

> Mensah added, "In the meantime, does the DeltFall group have the same survey package as we do?" I checked. HubSystem thought it was like

(to person offscreen) Turn the fan back on. It's hot over here. See if you can lower it because it doesn't

seem to want to move. It, it doesn't want to go lower than that.

Guess I should check my phone battery. 63%. We're doing fine. Much better. Guess I should check if the internet arens[[HERE]]

> asked, "Does the DeltFall group have the same survey package we do?" I checked. HubSystem thought it was likely, but we knew what its opinion was worth now. “Probably” I said

And we're just disparaging HubSystem as though it's its own fault that it got hacked.

> “Probably” I said DeltFall was another survey group like us.

“Like us” Murderbots’ including itself, it with the fucking slave owners again. It said “we picked this spot” for the fucking thing. As though it's not — as though it had any choice in where the fucking habitat was put down. And this is just more slavery apologism. It's more subtle slavery apologism. Martha

Wells is telling you Murderbot is already their equal. It got to ch— it was part of the decision-making process for picking where the habitation goes.

Even though that's not — that's not — that didn't happen on screen. It's just Murderbot including itself in the group for some fucking reason. uh

> they were another survey group like us

Because murderbots including itself with its slave owners as part of the survey group instead of separating itself from its fucking slave owners. It's it's happy to be part of them. That's the slavery apologism.

Like I don't know how to explain to people a white — any, any fucking person, but especially a white woman from Texas who's been doubling down on her racism for decades now, probably longer than many people reading this have been alive to be fucking honest —

Um, this — that's Martha Wells making Murderbot love being a slave. That's slavery apologism. You can't

defend it with in-universe justifications because Murderbot isn't a real fucking slave suffering this shit and suffering all the mental illness this is instilling in it.

It's, it's a character made up by a white woman from Texas who would rather defend British colonization than just fucking admit she used racist caricatures in 2011.

> They were a bigger operation and had been dropped off by a different ship, so the humans hadn't met in person, but they talked over the comm occasionally. They weren't part of my contract and had their own SecUnits, the standard one per 10 clients. We were supposed to be able to call on each other in emergencies, but being half a planet apart put a natural damper on that. Mensah leaned back in her chair and steepled her fingers. “All right, this is what we'll do. I want you each to check the individual sections of the survey package for your specialties. Try to pinpoint pinpoint any more missing information. When we have a

partial list, I'll call DeltFall and see if they can send us the files.” That sounded like a great plan in that it didn't involve me. I said, "Doctor Mensah, do you need me for anything else?"

[holding up book] Again, I I'm obligated. Look at this disgusting margin. Every time I get to the bottom of the page or see the top of a page, it's just hammered home again. It's just fucking ridiculous. It's even worse over here. Look at that bullshit. I hate it.

She turned her chair to face me. “No, I'll call if we have any questions

Because you just made the person who risked fucking dying yesterday walk all the way out here and stand around. They didn't even offer it a chair. I will tell you, I will emphasize that, because we are going to read the Imperial Radch series together: they didn't even offer it a chair.

“No, I'll call if we have any questions.” I had worked for some contracts that would have kept me standing here the entire day and night

> cycle just on the off chance that they wanted me to do something and didn't want to bother using the feed to call me. Then she added, "You know, you can stay here in the career area if you want. Would you like that?"

After nobody said anything such as, "Oh my gosh, thank you for saving our lives yesterday. Thank you for saving our friends lives yesterday. Are you okay?" We're just going to say, "Oh yeah, you can stay here if you want, even though we've done nothing to make you feel welcome at all and literally made you clean up your own fucking spilled blood after you fucking fell unconscious, lost consciousness from almost dying protecting us.”

We're supposed to pretend that her saying this is a genuine offer and her being ~so~ nice, but it's like, none of the — she didn't even ask it if it was okay in the fucking morning. She just bothered it while it was actively losing consciousness and then didn't, no, not a single fucking person here said has said thank you. Nothing. They haven't even acknowledged the fact

that it saved their fucking lives and almost died doing so.

> Then she added, "You know, you can stay here in the career area if you want. Would you like that?" They all looked at me, most of them smiling. One disadvantage in wearing the armor is that I get used to opaquing the face plate. I'm out of practice at controlling my expression. Right now, I'm pretty sure it was somewhere in the region of stunned horror or maybe appalled horror.

And again, this is supposed to be a joke. It's not — we're not actually feeling Murderbot's fear at the prospect of being trapped in a fucking room with slave owners.

No, it's just a joke because Murderbot is socially anxious like regular autistic people have social anxiety.

Not like a fucking slave who has been tortured by people exactly like this. No, just regular social

anxiety. So that's relatable and funny, right? No, no. This is — again, we, we are —

Literally, these books are literally written to not be taken seriously.

> Right now I'm pretty sure my expression was somewhere in the region of stunned horror or maybe appalled horror. Mensah sat up startled. she said hurriedly "Or not, you know, whatever you like." I said, "I need to check the perimeter." And managed to turn and leave the crew area in a totally normal way and not like I was fleeing from a bunch of giant hostiles again.

And then Martha Wells wants to go up on stages and lie to people who haven't read this book that everybody who thinks this is a light-hearted, funny comedy is just willfully ignorant and trying to ignore the deep meaningful messages she's sending.

It's like, insult of your choice, racist motherfucker, you literally made it impossible to take this seriously.

We are not— do you know how much how much fucking fear we could be experiencing with and for Murderbot at the prospect of being stuck in a — room with slave owners right now?

But instead of doing that, we're, we're joking about it. It's *funny* that Murderbot has social anxiety, because making fun of people with social anxiety, whether that's the intention or not, is what's going on here.

And it's also just making fun of slaves for being traumatized, but also telling us “it's not trauma, um, it's just relatable and quirky”, even though we're supposed to take this seriously.

She literally gets up on stages and, and lies to people who haven't read this, so they don't know they're being lied to, about how “serious, deathly serious” this is.

To the point that you tell people that, that she, that she's, that this is *supposed to be a* serious story and

they'll be like, "Oh my god, it's not that deep. That's just factually incorrect."

And then you have to be the one to tell them, "Um, I'm so sorry. Martha Wells literally fucking thinks you are willfully ignorant for saying this is just a funny comedy. I don't make the fucking rules here.”

Martha Wells is the one literally getting paid to lie to people and tell everybody that if you don't take this deathly seriously, the way I'm doing right fucking now, you're willfully ignorant, because she's a racist shitty writer who doesn't act — she wants the best of both worlds.

She wants to be able to churn out shitty fucking books that don't actually say anything progressive, and don't do any work at all to do anything except make shitty jokes, but then she also wants to tell people that she's really progressive and a very serious writer, and if you think that the comedy, the light-hearted, light reading comedy is funny, you're willfully ignorant.

Even though she wrote she every single fucking scene in this is like this, it's a joke. You're not supposed to take it seriously. It's literally impossible to take it seriously unless you literally fucking, fucking fire your fucking brain up in a completely separate scenario.

You have to make up all of the shit that *should be* going on in the scene in order to take this seriously.

Then we get a little line break. Literally a little line.

> Back in the safety of the ready room, I leaned my head against the plastic coated wall. Now they knew their murderbot didn't want to be around them any more than they wanted to be around it. I'd given a tiny piece of myself away. That can't

...seems like the font changed? Or maybe it's just the print on this page is much sharper. Abrupt. That's weird.

> That can't happen. I have too much to hide. And letting one piece go means the rest isn't as protected.

And again, that's all that that's all the time we spend on that little worry. It's literally, it's literally over after that fucking thing.

> I shove away from — I shoved away from the wall and decided to actually do some work. The missing sub report made me a little cautious.

(to offscreen) Huh?

(from offscreen) Just statement. No Transformers thing.

(to offscreen) Okay.

(from offscreen) Cyclonus is longsuffering. Introducing himself into a movie saying Cyclonus of Tetrahex. I am not a Decepticon. I want you to put that on the screen. And then they put it on the screen. notable.

Okay.

> The missing sub report made me a little cautious. Not that there were any directives about it. My education modules are — My education modules were such cheap crap. Most of the useful things I know about security I learned from the edutainment programming on the entertainment feeds. Parenthesis. (That's another reason why they

This is such a long sentence in parenthesis.

> (That's another reason why they have to require these research groups in mining and biology and tech

Just say — Jesus Christ. This is more just padding. Just saying shit for the sake of saying shit to make this book longer.

> (That's another reason why they have to require these research groups and mining and biology and tech companies to rent one of us or they

> won't guarantee the bond. We're cheaply produced and we suck. Nobody would hire one of us for non-murdering purposes unless they had to.

And again, as I keep saying, that's a lie.

> Nobody would hire us for non-murdering purposes unless they had to.

It's a lie. Murderbots, as this book consistently fucking calls them, so I'm just not going to correct myself. I'm not putting in more effort than this book is going to.

Nobody ever uses murderbots to murder people.

That's just a fucking lie.

And the thing that makes it a lie is that we get told it in this book, and then the entire rest of the series just shows us that's literally not fucking true. So it's a lie. It's not just inconsistent. It's not just a retcon. It's just a lie.

I mean, because it's not even — it'sm and it's not a retcon either, because we never get any proof that this actually happens in this book either. It's not just “oh uh we, we're getting rid of that.” It's just a lie.

And then it's a lie that the fandom continues to repeat because they, they they ignore everything that's actually in this fucking series, and saying that Murderbot is a Terminator, a thing it objectively is literally not, and is — they are never fucking used for that. That makes it sound cooler than it really is.

Anyways:

> nobody would h [uh...yeah,] we're cheaply produced

Despite the fact that we can just be plugged into literally any random wall and heal instantly over eight hours magically back to 100%. No problems. Don't even have scar tissue. Don't need food. Never run out of power. But yeah, they're totally cheaply made.

And again, the knight of the cart. This is the shitty version of The Imperial Radch where the, the the things that the murderbots are very just ripoff, shittier ripoffs of, they're called ancillaries in that.

Hence the title Ancillary Justice, Ancillary Sword, Ancillary Mercy.

They are actually disposable fucking slaves. They literally actually get fucking murdered if they so much as fucking break an arm. That means that's a fucking death sentence for them because Ann Lecki is not a fucking shitty racist ableist coward like Martha Wells is.

(from offscreen) As that sounds out of context.

Huh?

(from offscreen) As ironic as that sounded.

No. Shush. Shush. No.

You, you will fucking see when we get there.

In The Imperial Radch series, the slaves are actually fucking disposable because Anne Leckie's not a shitty racist ableist coward.

She doesn't fucking lie to the audience and expect us to say, "Oh yeah, um, they're really cheaply made and disposable. That's why we heal every single one of them every single time they're injured. And that doesn't require any resources at all. just plug them into the fucking wall and a line break later and they'll magically be healed.”

So, you'll see you'll see. We will get there. You can even read ahead. Just close this video, go read Ancillary Justice. You'll you'll spend a lot more time with that, enter, being entertained. It'll make you cry.

Uh where the fuck were they?

Yeah, the, the lying and saying, "Oh, murderbots are cheaply produced and we suck. But also ignore the part where they repair us back to 100% every single time we get injured.”

(from offscreen) Regeneration

“And we and we have health regeneration. And what — I have passive regeneration. Yeah, we have passive fucking health regeneration. Ignore that. Ignore that. We're, we're totally cheap and disposable, guys. That's why we literally self-repair in 8 hours with no issue, no like loss of extreme amounts of resources, nothing. That's why that's we're cheaply made and we suck.”

That's why they totally didn't fucking just shoot Murderbot in the head and thaw out the next one. A thing that literally happens in Ancillary Justice when one of the fucking disposable slaves gets injured, the fucking slave owners say, "Well, just fucking kill that one. Thaw out the next one." Because that's how being disposable works. And Ann Leckie actually gives a shit and isn't a fucking racist shitty coward.

Oh, we're doing this shit. This is — Oh boy.

Once I got my extra suit skin,

A thing we will never get described. I don't know what that fucking means.

> Once I got my extra suit skin and spare set of armor on, I walked the perimeter and compared the current readings of the terrain and the seismic scans to the one we took when we first arrived.

Again, what what the fuck is a suit skin? Is it an actual real fucking fake skin that Murderbot has to pull over its already existing skin?

Is it just a shitty fancy word for underclothes or under armour? We don't know. We don't fucing know, because it's badly written.

This is why I keep saying it's written like shitty fucking fanfiction.

And I specify, again, shitty fanfiction because good fanfiction, even if the source material were available, would still just explain these basic concepts, because good fanfiction writers still understand that their

fanfiction should as much as possible be a self-contained story. That's the difference between good fanfiction and shitty fanfiction. And this is written like it's shitty fanfiction.

> There were some notes in the feed from Rathi and Arada that fauna like the one we were now calling Hostile One might have made all the anomalous craters in the survey area but nothing had changed around the habitat.

Getting a drink. Put my drink all the way over here...

Did you notice how we never get a description of the survey area either? It's just a *thing* that *exists*.

> I also checked to make sure both the big hopper and the little hopper

The fact that there's two of them is just infuriating to me. We don't need two of those things. It should have just been one because trying to keep track of both of them is just fucking irritating as shit.

> I checked to make sure the both the big hopper and the little hopper had their full complement complement of emergency supplies. I packed them in there myself days ago, but I was mainly checking to make sure the humans hadn't done anything stupid with them since the last time I checked.
> I did everything I could think to of to do, then finally let myself go on standby while I caught up on my serials.

And at no point during any of this does anybody tell Murderbot, "Oh, by the way, um you don't you don't have to fucking work today, because you almost died yesterday."

Like, literally just barely fucking survived.

“You can just hang out and take a break.”

We're we're literally told that robots on Preservation get fucking lunch breaks even though they don't eat. And that's supposed to show how naive and stupid the Preservation humans are.

And, and then, and then these people are just making Murderbot work a full fucking shift the day after it almost fucking died.

And nobody's communicating, “hey, you can take a break, by the way. We scheduled a fucking break for you.” No, they're literally still treating it like a slave, even after they've supposedly “realized it was a person”, as though they didn't know that the whole fucking time.

> I'd watched three episodes of Sanctuary Moon and was f

Like, Murderbot literally has to fucking —

Whatever.

Swear to God.

> I'd watched three episodes of Sanctuary Moon and was fast forwarding through a sex scene when Doctor Menso sent me some images through the feed and it's like

And then this is interrupted so fucking ridiculously.

This is — this paragraph is ridiculous.

I'm going to restart this paragraph. Okay.

> I did everything I could think of to do, then finally let myself go on standby while I caught up on my serials. Period. I'd watched three episodes of Sanctuary Moon and was fast forwarding through a sex scene when Doctor Mensah sent me some images through the feed. Period. Start of parenthesis 1. I don't have any gender or sex related parts. Start of parenthesis 2. If a construct has those, you're a sex bot in a brothel, not a, not a murderbot. End of parentheses 2. So maybe that's why I find sex scenes boring. Period. Though I don't — though I think that even if I did have sex related parts, I would find them boring. Period. End of parenthesis one. I took a look at the images in Mensah's message, then saved my place in the serial.

Like Jesus Christ, that was all one paragraph.

And that's, and yeah, literally the — Murderbot is only aroace because of the biological essentialism saying, "Oh, um, I think if I didn't — I think even if I *did* have genitals, I would probably still find sex scenes boring” because Martha Wells is so fucking obsessed with biological essentialism, saying, "Oh, well, probably I would still find them boring even if I did have genitals,” a thing it doesn't have.

Wait it's literally just biological essentialism. The reason that Murderbot is allowed to be nonbinary and allowed to use its pronouns is that it doesn't have any genitals and Martha Wells thinks it cannot be considered human because ~it's just basic biology.

“If you have prosthetics in your brain, obviously you can't be human. That's just basic biology. Of course, it's it's not male or female. It doesn't have genitals. That's just basic biology. Of course, it doesn't find sex attractive. It doesn't have genitals. That's just basic biology.”

There's literally nothing about Murderbot’s sexuality or gender identity that's not baked into biological essentialism.

And for the exorsexist, aroacemisic fucking jackasses in the fandom, no, that doesn't actually mean you get to misgender Murderbot or erase the fact that it's aroace, because these are in fact not — I forget the fucking...forget the fucking word…

These are not mutually exclusive statements. Murderbot is aroace and nonbinary because Martha Wells is a fucking bigot.

And you still have to respect the fact that Murderbot is aroace and non-binary.

Those aren't contradictory statements.

That's just how not being a raging bigot works.

You have to acknowledge the bigotry baked in. And then you still have to respect Murderbot because

Murderbot represents real people like me: aroace nonbinary. I use it/its pronouns.

You — any, any excuses you use to misgender Murderbot is shit that's been used to misgender me. So shut the fuck up.

You do have to do both of these things.

You have to respect the real aroace and it/its pronoun using nonbinary people that Murderbot represents.

And you have to fucking reckon with the fact that the only reason Murderbot is these things is that Martha Wells is a biological essentialist bigot.

That's it.

I can guarantee you if Murderbot had genitals, it would be as aromantic and polyamorous as every single other Martha Wells character, because it's pretty clear that Martha Wells is probably aromantic and polyamorous, so that's what all of her characters are.

Unless you don't have genitals, in which case she's like, "Oh, well, yeah, obviously you, you're, you're aroace. Because I'm so uncreative that I think not having genitals would mean that — nobody just —

—I am aroace. I'm sex repulsed. I just — just, the lack of imagination because of the obsession with biological essentialism is just fucking astounding.

Anyways, uh where was it?

So yeah, Doctor Mensah bothering Murderbot again while it's while it's doing it after while it is taking a break — unscheduled break on its own time from its slave duties — and then she's messaging it to get doing its slave duties again.

(Sarcasm begins) But you know, these are these are totally good people who care about Murderbot and treat it so well. They don't treat it like a slave at all. Not like they— (Sarcasm ends)

So why didn't they schedule it some fucking break time????

Why didn't a single person say, "Hey, thank you for saving Bharadwaj and Volescu"????

Why didn't a single person just go into the fucking armory while it was unconscious and clean up its fucking blood spill so that it doesn't have to do that when it wakes up from almost dying from saving their fucking lives????

Why doesn't Murderbot have a schedule break that these people set it?????

Because as far as they know, its governor module is still intact. As far as these fuckers know, it still has to follow all of their fucking orders.

And yet, that's exactly why they're treating it like shit!

Which they're still doing, but we're supposed to pretend, um, that “they're treating it well.”

This is what treating the slave well looks like, according to Martha Wells: not asking them, "Are you okay from almost fucking dying?”

Not cleaning up their own bloody fucking clothes after they almost died, not giving them any fucking breaks, nothing. Not even saying hi. Just immediately saying, “I’m — you have to do your, do, do your job as a fucking slave.” It's fucking ridiculous.

Ow, my wrist.

> I took a look at the images in Mensah's message, then saved my place in the serial. Confession time. I don't actually know where we are. We have or supposed to have a complete satellite map of the planet in the survey package. That was how the humans decided where to do their assessments.

So now we're deciding that the humans decided, even though we earlier said Murderbot was a part of that decision, cuz it said “we picked this spot”.

Anyways:

> I hadn't looked at the maps yet and I'd barely looked at the survey package. In my defense, we'd been here 22 planetary days

So it's been 22 planetary days for — so we don't know how long days are in hours on this fucking planet. Let's, so, we'll just assume almost a month in Earth time that these fuckers have been here treating Murderbot like less than a fucking animal. They've literally been treating it like an a mindless fucking object, like a goddamn slave.

And now that they “know it's a know it's a person”, as though they didn't know that the whole time, which we know they did from the entire rest of the fucking series, even after they've supposedly “found out it's a person”, they're still treating it like a slave.

They're not even giving it a goddamn lunch break. It's not — this — doesn't get a fucking break to do anything. And then when they notice it, presumably

notice it has put itself in standby, then they start bothering it again!

> In my defense, we'd been here 22 planetary days, and I hadn't had to do anything but stand around watching humans make scans or take samples of dirt, rocks, water, and leaves. The sense of urgency just wasn't there. Also, you may have noticed, I don't care.

And that's Martha Wells saying, "Oh, well, Murderbot doesn't care. So, that's my excuse for not doing world building, not doing character descriptions, not giving you any information at all." as though she doesn't do that with literally everything she writes.

> So, it was news to me that there were six missing sections from our map. Pin-Lee and Gurathin had found the discrepancies and Mensah wanted to know if if I thought it was just the survey package being cheap and error-ridden, or if I thought this was part of a hack.

And again, again, we're again — says it literally right on the back: “But in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder,”

But they're from Preservation! We're supposed to think of them as progressive!

Why —

Why do —

Why are they treating —

Why would they go with the lowest bidder?

That's exactly how the people of Preservation should never logically work, because they're supposed to actually care about this shit. This is just bad fucking writing.

Uh…

> I appreciated the fact that we were communicating via the feed and that she wasn't

> making me actually speak to her on the comm. I was so appreciative I gave her my real opinion that it probably was

The fact — also, as you (person offscreen) pointed out, the fact that there that speaking on the feed is verbal and audio.

So, what the fuck is the difference between speaking on the com and speaking in the feed?

As my twin —

She's established that it's not telepathy text chats like I thought this time, because, because — let me read this again.

> I appreciated the fact that we were communicating via the feed and that she wasn't making me actually speak to her on the comm

Because Murderbot is supposed to be autistic, and autistic people hate talking on the phone and prefer texting and shit a lot of the time.

But so, implying that talking on the comm is talking on the phone, speaking on the feed is the equivalent of texting.

But we later get it confirmed that talking on the feed is just a telepathic telephone.

You're still talking verbally. It's not texting. You can have, uh, pronunciations and tones evident in your voice.

Yeah. Like it's not it's not the equivalent of texting.

So that doesn't make any fucking sense at all. At all.

Like it's, it's the exact same fucking thing except done telepathy. You're still having to talk out loud to somebody.

Like, we get, we get, we get told they do sub-vocalizations because it's literally using the exact same muscles for talking out loud.

It's just going through a fucking — you have a fucking microphone built into your your throat and then the other person has a microphone built into their ear. You're literally talking to them out loud. It's just quiet to everybody else.

It's just — it's just badly written.

> I was so appreciative. I gave her my real opinion that it probably was the fact that our survey our survey package our survey package.

Murderbot once again including itself in the, the group of the slave owners. Not *their* survey package, *ours*. Because these are Murderbot’s slave owners. it loves them *so* much.

> That it probably was the fact that our survey package was a cheap piece of crap, but the only way to know for certain was to go out and look at some of the missing sections and see if there was anything there besides more boring planet. I didn't phrase it exactly like that, but that was what I meant.

And again, the little random ass retcon at the end of this book that just comes out of nowhere, you'll see it really doesn't fucking make sense. That's why it's a fucking retcon and it's a bad retcon.

There's good ways to reccon things because some things should get retconned. This book is just really shitty, shitty written though.

> She took her

Oh! You can read The Raven Tower. You can read The Raven Tower by Ann Leckie.

You want to see an example of a book that does what this shit is lying about doing? Just go read that.

That actually fucking makes sense for the whole premise. Or, or similarly, Godzilla As A Young Man Named Mike by EM Faulds. That's free to read online. Go read that. It's short.

> She took her attention off the feed then, but I stayed alert since I knew she tended to make

her decisions fast, and if I started a show again, I'd just get interrupted

Because Murderbot hasn't actually been given any kind of rest break at all.

Even though we're supposed to pretend that these people are ~oh so such good slave owners, they're so nice to it. They start treating it as a person immediately.~

No, they don't. They don't.

Not one single person has said so much as “Thank you”, let alone, “Are you okay?” Let alone, “Thank you for saving our fucking lives. You don't have to fucking do anything today. You can just go back to fucking sleep if you want. You almost fucking died. We're not letting Bharadwaj out of the fucking infirmary for like a fucking week, and Volescu’s staying in there just for another day just to be safe. You don't have to do fucking anything for at least today and you can take as long as you fucking want to recover.”

No. No. We don't do any of that because they are just slave owners continuing to exploit Murderbot and just treating it like another fucking slave. And the only time they ever start treating it like a fucking person is after they find out its governor module is hacked.

> They all wanted to check it out and were just going back and forth on whether they should wait. They had just had a calm conversation with DeltFall on the other continent who had agreed to send copies of the missing survey package files. Some of the clients wanted to see if anything else was missing first and others wanted to go now and blah blah blah.

It's literally in the, it's literally in there.

> I knew how this was going to turn out. It wasn't a long trip. Not far outside the range of the other assessments they had been doing, but not knowing what they were flying into was definitely a red flag for security. In a smart world —in a smart world, I would go alone, but with the governor module, I had to be within a

> 100 meters of at least one of the clients at all times, or it would fry me. They knew that, so volunteering to take a solo cross-continental trip might set off a few alarms. So, when Mensah opened the feed again to tell me they were going, I told her security protocols suggested that I should, too.

You notice the more slavery apologism? Murderbot is automatically going, "Yeah, um, if I were allowed to just do whatever I wanted, I would just put myself in danger and let all the slave owners stay here to stay safe and only risk my life. But since, uh, I have to pretend that I have to follow their orders, I'm going to still insist upon going along with them, to risk my life for them instead of staying here where it's safe."

And you'll notice not one single person says, "Hey, you almost died. You just almost died. I think maybe you should stay here and rest. We can handle it.”

But no, because Murderbot literally exists—

—We're at that fucking blank page. Jesus Christ. So, have you ever seen this shit they put — they put the entire blank page. Yeah. An entire fucking blank page. And it just—

Unbelievable. Like literally my, my, my reaction at the start of this for realizing that the pages start on page nine. It does — it's, it's worse. It's it shouldn't have been able to get worse, but yet it got fucking worse. Like Jesus Christ. We're now on chapter three and it's taken how many hours?

And again, again. Murderbot could be staying home.

Murderbot could at least want to stay at the fucking thing where it's safe, where it doesn't have to probably also die again.

But this isn't a story that actually takes anything happening in here seriously, let alone the concept of slavery seriously. So, Murderbot doesn't want to stay safe. It wants to protect its slave owners. It would prefer to just only have to risk its life and keep all the precious, precious slave owners safe.

But since it can't do that, it'll just risk its life with them instead of staying at the fucking place where it's safe.

Because that would mean that Murderbot isn't ~one of the good ones~. Because the only slaves that we're ever supposed to care about in this story are slaves who are willing to literally fucking kill themselves to protect their slave owners.

That's the racism. That's the slavery apologism.

Murderbot is “one of the good ones”. And that has literally never stopped being true.

We have 12 stories published in this series and the 13th is going to come out like May 2026 presumably. That's the predicted.

We're now on chapter 3. This is page 39, aka page 30. We're this far. And all of this slavery apologism in these videos has happened in just this amount of the book. 30, less than 30 pages, because we still have to

include these fucking blank pages. So, let me just skip back. Like, so this is more or less 28 pages.

And it would even be less than 28 pages if we got rid of these disgustingly huge margins at the top and bottom of each fucking page.

Like I, I, I want to know how much how long would this actually be if we had reasonable fucking margins instead of this scam shit.

Chapter 3. We got ready — Oh, how I got to add more videos to the Internet Archive. While I'm reading this, I'm slowly uploading the, the videos of me reading Witch King like this to the Internet Archive.

I'm adding them two videos at a time. so it doesn't crash and burn and flip the fuck out.

So, you can watch videos 1 through 14 so far on the Internet Archive. It's just called um yeah, I think I just just search go to the Internet Archive which is just archive.org, and search “reading witch king by Martha Wells in 202”5 and then you'll see the, the

video files. Not that you're not busy read watching this already.

Chapter three on page...what is really? 28 pages into the story if we got rid of the fake page count and these blank two blank pages that we've had to deal with so far.

> We got ready to leave at the beginning of the day cycle in the morning light and the satellite weather report said it would be a good day for flying and scanning. I checked MedSystem and saw Bharadwaj was awake and talking. It wasn't

Hold on. I need a drink.

Where was I?

> It wasn't until I was helping to carry equipment to the little hopper that I realized they were going to make me ride in the crew cabin.

We're again, we're supposed to believe these are good people. And yet for the last 23 days, cuz it's now been 23 days—

Hold on. They've now been on this planet for 24 days, because Murderbot was unconscious for eight hours before, and then it was the next day, and now it's the next day.

We'll just say...Yeah, I think it's been 24 days. I don't give a shit. We're just going to pretend that's Earth time because we are never given any fucking hint of how long the days last on this planet. So, we're just going with Earth time.

Yeah. Uh, for — so we're supposed to believe that the PreservationAux people are ~inherently good and treat everybody like equals~ but they've been making Murderbot ride with the fucking cargo in a tiny cargo container barely big enough to move, as though it is a fucking object.

They're literally not treating it with the respect that they show regular fucking robots, actual robots, let alone fucking cyborgs.

But we're supposed to believe that the PreservationAux crew is ~totally good~. They're, they're, they're ~very good people. They're not slave owners. They just had no idea that they were enslaving a person~ even though they know it's a person and they know what they're doing in slavery.

And only now, after it saved their lives, and they've not even said fucking thank you. Only now are they going to *not* make it ride in the fucking cargo bay.

> At least I was in the armor with my helmet opaqued. But when Mensah told me to get in the co-pilot seat, it didn't turn out to be as bad as my first horrified realization. Arada and Pin-Lee didn't try to talk to me. And Rathi actually looked away when I eased past him to get to the cockpit.

And like Murderbot is glad for these things because it has social anxiety and doesn't want to talk to them. But how is this supposed to be making them look good? Like you li — you make eye contact with the slave and you look away hurriedly like you're afraid it's fucking contagious.

> They were all so careful not to look at me or talk to me directly that as soon as we were in the air, I did a quick spot check through hub systems record of their conversation. I had talked myself into believing that I hadn't actually lost it as much as I thought I had when Mensah had offered to let me hang out in the hub with the humans like I was an actual person or something. The conversation they had immediately after that gave me a sinking sensation as I reviewed it. No, it had been worse than I had thought. They had talked it over and all agreed not to push me any further than I wanted to go. And they were all so nice and it was just excruciating.

So literally their their definition of being nice is:

- Not saying thank you to the person who fucking saved your lives.
- Not assuring the person who saved your lives after you were all just literally yelling and being very angry and violent that you're not angry at it and aren't planning to hurt it.
- No reassurance at all.
- Just oh um let's just let's just pretend you don't exist. That's the kindest thing to do here

Martha Wells — because that's what it's being framed as: Continue to dehumanize and ignore the existence of the slave and not treat it like a fucking person. Don't even give it a goddamn scheduled break. Not even a 15 fucking minute break.

But them ignoring and pretending that Murderbot doesn't exist is framed as the, the kindest thing to do, because slavery apologism, (Sarcasm begins) and

Martha Well is not just, not just being a fucking bigot and being shit at writing. (Sarcasm ends)

> And they were all so nice and it was just excruciating. I was never taking off the helmet again.

And that's still a joke. That's where this is all — we're all just still joking about this.

> I can't do even the half-ass version of this stupid job if I have to talk to humans.

This is all a joke. This is saying ~Murderbot is so silly~

> They were the first clients I'd had who hadn't had any previous experience with SecUnits. So maybe I could have expected this if id bothered to think about it. Letting them see me without the armor had been a huge mistake. At least Mensah and Arada had overruled the ones who wanted to talk to me about it. Yes, talk to Murderbot about its feelings. The idea was so

> painful I dropped to 97% efficiency. I'd rather climb back into Hostile One's mouth.

And again, Martha Wells is framing the people enslaving the slave, framing them deciding, “yeah, we'll just continue treating it like a slave. Not acknowledge that it's a fucking person in any way. This is definitely the kind thing to do” because Martha Wells doesn't understand how slavery works, doesn't actually grasp how bigotry works.

And this is all being framed as “oh yeah, they're they're behaving perfectly. This is, this is awesome. This is how you respect people: by by continuing to treat them like a slave that you don't acknowledge as a person.” It's ridiculous.

And again, Murderbot’s social anxiety.

It's not about the fact that these are slave owners who could decide to torture it at any moment, and it's traumatized by that. It's just *basic social anxiety* that's meant to be funny and quirky and relatable. And no deeper than that.

I worried about it while they looked at

And then Martha Wells has the gall to get mad at people who are confused about why Murderbot is always abruptly, like in book two and book three in particular, just abruptly we get told by somebody else that ~it seems scared of humans~ and then Martha Wells has the gall to get pissed off at people who are like “I don't understand why Murderbot is scared of humans. Nobody's ever hurt it.”

And it's, and then she's like “you're so willfully ignorant. Why are you ignoring what Murderbot's gone through?”

And it's like, bitch, and I'm saying that on fucking purpose, bitch, you literally went out of your way to tell us that Murderbot isn't fucking traumatized by being around people who've tortured it: it's not scared of slave owners, it's just got basic sexual anxiety like every autistic person.

And then you have the gall to act shocked and, and offended and surprised when people point out it

doesn't make sense for Murderbot to randomly — abruptly have to be told — what's the fucking sentence?

“Don Abene won't hurt you, SecUnit.” by Miki in book three, as though Murderbot expressed fear about being touched by a human which comes out of fucking nowhere, and means nothing, because *Murderbot isn't scared of slave owners because they've hurt it before, it just genuinely is self-loathing and has social anxiety.*

It's not traumatized by all of the times slave owners exactly like these people have tortured it. We're not supposed to take that into consideration at all.

It's just, it's just a funny joke because “haha, murderbot doesn't like eye contact. That's so relatable and funny” and that's it. That's it.

And then Martha Wells has the gall to get mad when people um, don't understand why we're randomly, later, supposed to believe that, “oh, Murderbot has to be told that a human's not going to hurt it by another

character without any of this reflected in Murderbot's perspective at all.”

It's bad writing.

It's bad writing.

It's bad writing.

It's bigotry.

It's slavery apologism.

Anyways:

> I worried about it while they looked out the windows at the ring or watched their feeds of the hoppers, scans of the scenery, chatting on the comm with the others who were following our progress back in the habitat. I was distracted but still caught the moment when the autopilot cut out. It could have been a problem except I was in the co-pilot seat and I could have taken over in time. But even if I

hadn't been there, it would have turned out okay because Mensah was flying and she never took her hand off the controls. Even though the planetary craft autopilots aren't sophisticated as — Even though the planetary craft autopilots aren't as sophisticated as a full bot pilot system, some clients will still engage them and walk into the back to sleep and then walk into the back or sleep. Mensah didn't, and she made sure when the others flew, they followed her rules. She just made some thoughtful, grumpy noises and adjusted our course away from the mountain the failing autopilot would have slammed us into. I had

That's another asterisk.

I had cycled out of horrified that they wanted to talk to me about my feelings into grateful that she had ordered them not to. As she restarted the autopilot, I pulled the log and sent it into the feed to show her it had cut out due to a

HubSystem glitch. She swore under her breath and shook her head.

And again, there's a difference between not pressing Murderbot about its feelings and expecting it to fucking uh bare its fucking guts to them, and just bare minimum *treating it like a person*, which they're literally not fucking doing.

They didn't give it any kind of rest break. Nobody said, "Thank you for saving our friends fucking lives."

Nobody said, "We're sorry you almost fucking died getting eaten by a fucking graboid trying to save our friends lives."

Nobody says “you can take the rest of the fucking day off or however long you need.”

Nothing. Nobody asks anything. They don't give it anything.

We, we — they understand, presumably, that Volescu and Bharadwaj are traumatized. Nobody gives

Murderbot any kind of break at all. It's fucking ridiculous.

And then we're still supposed to just accept that these are ~good people who are so perfect and they're so pure cinnamon rolls, best slave owners ever.~

> The missing map section wasn't that far outside our assessment range, so we were there before I made a dent in the backlog of serials I'd saved to my internal storage. Mensah told the others, "We're coming up on it." We had been traveling over heavy tropical forest.

Let me check the phone battery. 45%.

> Where it flowed over deep valleys.

Sun. The brightness changed. It's creepy.

> Suddenly, it dropped away into a plain spotted with lakes and smaller copes of trees. There was lots of bare rock in low ridges.

Now the battery Now the brightness keeps changing. It's freaky.

There was a lot of bare rock in low ridges and tumbled boulders. It was dark and glassy like volcanic — dark and glassy like volcanic glass.

All right.

The cabin was quiet as everybody studied the scans. Arada was looking at the seismic data, bouncing it to the others back in the habitat through her feed. “I don't see anything that would prevent the satellite from mapping this region,” Pin-Lee said, her voice distant as she sorted through the data the hopper was pulling in. “No strange readings. It's weird. Unless this rock has some sort of stealth property that prevents the satellites from imaging it,” Arada said. “The scanners are acting a little funny.” “Because the scanners suck corporation balls,” Pin-Lee muttered. “Should we land?” Mensah said. I realized she was asking me for a security assessment. The scans were sort of working

> and marking some hazards, but they weren't any different hazards from what we'd run into before. I said, "We could, but we know there's at least one life form here that tunnels through rock.”

It doesn't though. There wasn't rock. They — they were standing on a coastal island with sand.

Whatever. Lying. Just lying about shit. I'm even going to go back. [turning back pages] I'm flipping back.

Yeah, they're just fucking lying about the, the, gra — the not-graboids being able to tunnel through rock. There was no mention of them tunnel — they weren't tunneling through rock. It was just regular fucking sandy dirt cuz it's a coastal island. It's made of sand, motherfucker. You can't just lie about this shit.

> “We know there's at least one life form here that tunnels through rock.”

Except you don't. That's a lie. That's a lie.

Arada bounced in her a little in her seat like she was impatient to get going. “I know we have to be cautious, but I think we'd be safer if we knew whether these blank patches on the satellite scan were accidental or deliberate.” That was when I realized they weren't ignoring the possibility of sabotage. I should have realized it earlier when Pin-Lee asked if HubSystem could be hacked, but humans had been looking at me and I had just wanted to get out of there

Because again, joke. It's a joke. “It's funny how Murderbot doesn't want people to look at it.” It's a joke.

Rathi and Pin-Lee seconded her and Mensah made her decision. “We'll land and take samples.” Over the comm from the habitat Bharadwaj's voice said, "Please be careful." She still sounded shaky.

And yeah, *she's* allowed to stay there and recover. Not so much, Murderbot. Not even to mentally fucking recover.

> Mensah took us

That was a weird noise.

> Mensah took us down gently, the hopper's pads touching the ground with hardly a thump. I was already up and at the hatch. The humans had their suit helmets on, so I opened the hatch and let the ramp drop. Close up, the rocky patches still looked like glass, mostly black, but with different colors running into each other. This near to the ground, the hopper scan was able to confirm that seismic activity was null. But I walked out a little, as if giving anything out there a chance to attack me. If the humans see me actually doing my job, it keeps it helps keep suspicions from forming about faulty governor modules.

And it's like, yeah, Martha Wells is giving us this excuse now that, oh, it's, it's just *pretending* to do its job, um, so they don't find out about its governor module.

Except it could have pretended that it was better for it to stay at the habitat. They don't fucking know shit. They don't know company policy. It could have just made up whatever the fuck it wanted.

And this doesn't excuse the fact that Murderbot goes out of its way, all the time, especially *explicitly when it doesn't have to*, and doesn't even have to pretend, to, to put itself in danger for them.

> Mensah climbed down with Arada behind her. They moved around taking more readings with their portable scanners. Then the others got sample kits out and started chipping off pieces of the rock glass or glass rock, scooping up dirt and bits of plant matter. They were murmuring to each other a lot and to the others back at the habitat. They were sending the data to the feed, but I wasn't paying attention. It was an odd

> spot, quiet compared to the other places we had surveyed, but not much bird thing noise and no sign of animal movement. Maybe the rocky patches kept them away. I walked out a little way past a couple of the lakes, almost expecting to see something under the surface. Dead bodies, maybe. I'd seen plenty of those, parenthesis, (and caused plenty of those) end parenthesis on past contracts, but this one had been dead body lacking so far. It made for a nice change. Mensah had set a survey perimeter marking all the

You know, I think that fan is not set to the lowest… That's what I thought. Fan was just over there being louder than necessary.

> Mensah had set a survey perimeter marking all the areas the aerial scan had flagged as hazardous or potentially hazardous. I checked on every everybody again and saw Arada and Rathi heading directly for one of the hazard markers. I expected them to stop at the

> perimeter since they had been pretty consistently cautious over on the other assessments. I started moving in that direction anyway.

Also, I'm so fucking confused because Murderbot says it's, it's walking out past several lakes, meaning it's very fucking far away from everybody else, because a lake, you can't just call any random puddle of water on the fucking ground a lake.

Uh, let me like back up.

> I walked out a little way past a couple of the lakes.

So, everybody's several lakes away from Murderbot. And it's just ridiculous.

Get away, little bug. Uh...

> I started moving in that direction anyway. Then they passed the perimeter. I started to run. I sent Mensah my field camera feed and used the

> voice comm to say, "Doctor Arada, Doctor Rathi please stop. You're past their perimeter and nearing a hazard marker." "We are?" Rathi sounded completely baffled.

Because, you know, they're ~good slave owners~, so they're going to be nice.

> Fortunately, they both stopped. By the time I got there, they both had their maps up in their in my feed. “I don't understand what's wrong,” Arada said, confused. “I don't see the hazard marker.” She had tagged both their positions on their maps — She had tagged both their positions, and on their maps, they were well within the perimeter, heading toward a wetland area. It took me a second to see what the problem was. Then I superimposed my map, the actual map over theirs, and sent that to Mensah. “Shit.” she said over the comm

And that's all one paragraph.

> “Rathi Arada, your map's wrong. How did that happen?” “It's a glitch,” Rathi said. He grimaced, studying the displays in his feed. “It's wiped out all the markers on this side.” So, that was how I spent the rest of the morning shooing humans away from hazard markers they couldn't see while Pin-Lee cursed a lot and tried to get the mapping scanner to work.

A thing that doesn't make sense because Murderbot’s map works. Why isn't it just putting that into the fucking feed, like it literally just did, and then everybody looks at that? It's bad writing.

> I'm beginning to

And this is all one paragraph again. So, let me start at let me start at the top of the paragraph.

> So, that was how I spent the rest of the morning shooing humans away from hazard markers they couldn't see while Pin-Lee cursed a lot and tried to get the mapping scanner to work. “I'm beginning to think these missing

> sections are just a mapping error," Rathi said at one point, panting. He had walked into what they called a hot mud pit, and I'd had to pull him out. We were both covered with acidic mud to the waist.

Yeah. Murderbot then has ridiculous—

> "You think?" Pin-Lee answered tiredly. When Mensah told us get to head back to the hopper, it was a relief all around.

And then we have another line break. Oh, it's so pathetic. We have a line break at the top of the page. And then in the middle of the page:

> We got back to the habitat with no problems, which felt like it was starting to become an unusual occurrence. The humans went to analyze their data, and I went to hide in the ready room, checked the security feeds, and then lie in my cubicle and watch media for a while. I'd just done another perimeter walk and checked the drones when the feed informed me

> that HubSystem had updates from the satellite, and there was a package for me. I have a trick where I make HubSystem think I received it and then just put it in external storage. I don't do automated package updates anymore now that I don't have to. When I felt like it, presumably sometime before it was time to leave the planet, I'd go through the update and apply the parts I wanted and delete the rest. It was a typical boring day, in other words. If Bharadwaj wasn't still recuperating in medical, you could almost forget that it what had happened. But at the end of the day cycle, Doctor Mensah called me again and said, "I think we have a problem. We can't contact DeltFallGroup."

And there's another page — there's another line break. Literally inserting a line, which is better than them deciding to do a page break, because they could have done a page break up here and then a page break down here.

So, I prefer a fucking line break. Maybe they decided that's too fucking much of a scam.

> I went to the crew hub where Mensah and all the others were. They had pulled up the maps and scans of where we were versus where DeltFall was, and the curve of the planet hung glittering in the air in the big display.

Fancy words all of a sudden for a description that doesn't make any sense.

> When I got there, Mensah was saying, "I've checked the big hopper specs, and we can make it there and back without a recharge." I had my helmet plate opaque, so I could wince a lot without any of them knowing. “You don't think they'll let us recharge at their habitat?” Arana asked, then looked around when the others stared at her. “What?” She demanded. Overse put an arm around her and squeezed her shoulder. “If they aren't answering our calls, they might be hurt or their habitat is damaged,” she said. As a couple, they were

> always so nice to each other. The whole group had been remarkably drama-free so far, which I appreciated. The last few contracts had been like being an an involuntary bystander in one of the entertainment feeds multi-partner relationship cals, except I'd hated the whole cast. Mensah nodded. "That's my concern, especially if their survey package was missing — was missing potential hazard information the way ours is." Arada looked like it was just occurring to her that everybody over at DeltFallmight be dead.

And that's a weird thing, to have Arada having to re, be told specificallym because Arada was the other one who was like, specifically saying, "Yeah, this might be sabotage, I'm pretty sure this is fucking sabotage.”

So, it's just very strange, to single out Arada and Mensah as being the ones investigating the potential sabotage, and then also have Arada be the one who is the only one that's not going, "Oh, yeah, they're probably fucking dead." It's just weird.

Like, there's just, just two things where scenes, where shit exists so far, and it's like, just can you can we have a little bit of consistency? Nothing would have changed except it would have been more consistent for Overse to be the one that has to realize this, because Arada's already been established as, um, understanding the concept of sabotage and what that fucking means.

> Rathi said, "The thing that worries me is that their emergency beacon didn't launch. If the habitat was breached or if there was a medical emergency they couldn't handle, their HubSystem should have triggered the beacon automatically." Each survey team has its own beacon, set up a safe distance from the habitat. It would launch into a low orbit and send a pulse toward the wormhole which would get zapped or whatever happened in the wormhole and the company network would get it and the pickup transport would be sent now instead of waiting until the end of project date. That was how it was supposed to work anyway usually.

And you'll notice that like this is this is the extent of the world building and we never get anything else. We just get told, "Oh yeah, you know the wormhole. Everybody knows the wormhole." as though we've already established that somewhere, because, again, this is written like bad fanfiction. We don't get proper exposition. We don't get proper worldbuilding. It's just assuming — pretending to assume — you've already read the source material *despite this being the fucking source material*

> Mensah expression said she was worried. She looked at me. “What do you think?” It took me two seconds to realize she was talking to me. Fortunately, since it seemed like we were really doing this, I had actually been paying attention and didn't need to play the conversation back. I said, "They have three contracted SecUnits, but if their habitat was hit by a hostile as big or bigger than Hostile One, the comm equipment could have been damaged."

[squinting at book] Oh, that's another — I thought there was a piece of hair on there. There's another tiny printing error.

> Pin-Lee was calling up specs for the beacons. “Aren't the emergency beacons designed to trigger even if the rest of the comm equipment is destroyed?” The other good thing about my hacked governor module is that I could ignore my governor module's instructions to defend the stupid company. “They're supposed to be able to, but equipment failures aren't unknown.” There was a moment where they all thought of — There was a moment where they

I don't know why this sentence is confusing me.

> There was a moment where they all thought about potential equipment failures in their habitat. Maybe including the big hopper which they were about to fly out of range of the little hopper, so if something happened to it, they were walking back. and swimming back since that was an oceansized body of water between

> the two points on the map. Or drown. I guess they could just drown. If you were wondering why I was wincing earlier, this would be the reason.

And again, this is all just a joke. It's all just supposed to be funny. It's “haha, deadpan humor. Don't actually take any of this seriously.”

> The trip to the map's blackout region had been a little out of our assessment parameters, but this was going to be an overnight trip. Even if they did even if all they did was get there, see a bunch of dead people, turn around, and go back. Then Gurithan said, "What about your systems?" I didn't turn my helmet toward him because that can be intimidating and it's especially important for me to resist that urge. I carefully monitor my own systems. What else did he think I was going to say? It didn't matter. I'm not refundable. Gurathin cleared his throat

and again, Volescu is here now.

But yet, not one single person has said thank you to Murderbot for risking its fucking life to protect them!

They just take uh, a fear response of being stuck in the same room with them all and decide, "Oh, well, yeah, that that that means we don't have to say thank you or treat it like a person or anything."

And then this is all framed as the progressive nice thing to do. “Dehumanize your slaves. It's good for them.” Jesus Christ.

Because Volescu is in here, one of the people that Murderbot directly fucking saved. And yet he has not said a single fucking word to Murderbot. And and this is all just considered good and fine and shows how pure cinnamon rolly they are.

> Volescu cleared his throat. “So we should prepare for a rescue mission.” He looked okay, but MedSystems feed was still reporting some indicators of distress. Bharadwaj was stable but not allowed to get out of medical yet. He continued

And this is another example of shitty uses of usage of pronouns. We just said — talking about Bharadwaj. You cannot then interject “he” without specifying you're talking about Volescu again.

It's just basic shit to avoid confusion because this shit builds up. It builds up and it causes so many fucking problems later. This paragraph should fucking read:

----Volescu cleared his throat, “so we should prepare for a rescue mission.” He looked okay, but MedSystem speed was still reporting some indicators of distress. Bharadwaj was stable, but not allowed to get out of medical yet. Vollescu continued, "I've pulled some instructions from the hopper's info package."----

Again, like shitty fanfiction. Let me just read that last sentence. I

> “I've pulled some instructions from the hoppers info package.”

Then Murderbot is thinking,

> Yes, instructions. They're academics, surveyors, researchers, not action hero explorers from the serials I liked because they were unrealistic and not depressing and sorted like reality. I said, "Doctor Mensah, I think I should go along."

And it's like, why Murderbot? Why do you need to fucking go along besides the slavery apologism? Especially with this followup.

> I could see her notes in the feed, so I knew she meant for me to stay here and watch the habitat and guard everybody who wasn't going.

Murderbot literally has the fucking opportunity to stay behind and stay safe.

And Martha Wells decides, “nope, nope, nope. The slave must go and endanger its life further to protect its precious pure cinnamon roll slave owners because if it didn't, it would not be one of the good ones anymore. And because the only good slave is a slave who's willing to kill itself and is willing to constantly

risk its life to protect its precious precious cinnamon roll slave owners.”

Literally, Doctor Mensah was planning for Murderbot to stay behind and guard everybody else. And Murderbot insists that it has to go along anyways, because uh, security protocols say so.

Because the only good slave according to this whole fucking series and — again, we have 12 published stories in this series and this has never been refuted, and has only been doubled down upon —“The only good slave is one who will risk its life to protect their slave owners. And if they aren't willing to do that then they should be put down like a rabid fucking animal.”

> I could see her notes in the feed. So I knew she meant for me to stay here and watch the habitat and guard everybody who wasn't going. She was taking Pin-Lee because she had past experience in habitat and shelter construction. Rathi who was a biologist

And also, the fact that we get *told* these people are biologists, it never comes up again. It doesn't fucking mean anything. They are all thinner than this fucking receipt paper.

> Rathi who was a biologist and Overse who was a certified field medic.

That also never comes up again. I, I didn't even fucking remember that, because it's literally so unimportant and this is the only time it's ever brought up, and it's never comes up again, because it doesn't fucking matter, because these characters are just, just they're just names.

They don't exist for any purpose besides being named for you to fawn over as the quirky relatable slave owners.

> Mensah hesitated thinking about it and I could tell she was debating protecting the habitat and the group staying behind with the possibility of whatever had hit DeltFallstill being there. She took a breath and I knew she was going to tell

> me to stay here. And I just thought that's a bad idea. I couldn't explain to myself why. It was one of those impulses that comes from my organic parts the governor module is supposed to squash. I said, "As the only one here with experience in these situations, I'm your best resource."

Because yeah, Murderbot was literally about to be told it's going to stay fucking behind, and it's literally arguing that it needs to go along to risk itself to protect them. And this is framed as a good thing, because Martha Wells is racist and doesn't actually care about the concept of slavery or the thought that slaves, you know, deserve basic things like not having to risk their fucking lives to protect the people enslaving them.

> Gurathin said, "What situations?" Rathi gave him a beused look — a bemused look. “This situation, the unknown, strange threats, monsters exploding out of the ground.” I was

> glad I wasn't the only one who thought it was a dumb question.

And it's like, it's, it's not a dumb question at all. I don't know why Rathi is reacting that way.

> Gurathin wasn't as talkative as the others, so I didn't have much of a sense of his personality. He was the only augmented human in the group. So maybe he felt like an outsider or something, even though the others clearly liked him.

(Sarcasm begins)Wow, Martha Wells, almost like physically disabled people are minorities who are oppressed. (Sarcasm ends)

> I clarified “situations where personnel might be injured due to attack by planetary hazards.”

And again, this is all corporate speak but done unironically.

> Arada came in on my side. “I agree. I think you should take SecUnit. You don't know what's out there

Because further dehumanizing the fucking slave by referring to it as slave. That's what SecUnit is. “I, I agree. I think you should take Slave” as though that's its fucking name. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

“But these are good people, guys. They're such nice slave owners. They refer to their slave as Slave.”

SecUnit is the equivalent of meatshield. So they're just calling Murderbot Meatshield. “You should take Meatshield. You don't know what — you don't know, you don't, you, you'll probably need a meatshield out there. You don't know what's out there. You can always use a fucking meatshield. Take Meatshield with you.”

Like Jesus fucking Holy shit.

> Mensah was still undecided. “Depending on what we find, we may be gone as long as two or three days.” Arada waved a hand indicating the habitat. “Nothing's bothered us here so far.” That was probably what DeltFall had thought right before they got eaten or torn to pieces or whatever, but Volescu said, "I admit it would make me feel better about it."

What a strange thing to say out of like — what side is he arguing for? That doesn't make sense. He — That's all he says.

Let me just read the dialogue. Um,

Murderbot says: "Doctor Doctor Mensah, I think I should go along.

Um, uh, yeah. Okay.

Murderbot says, "Doctor Mensah, I think I should go along. As the only one here with experience in these situations, I'm your best resource."

Gurathin said, "What situations?"

Rathi said, "This situation, the unknown, strange threats, monsters exploding out of the ground."

Murderbot says, "Situations where personnel might be injured due to attack by planetary hazards."

Arada says, "I agree. I think you should take Meatshield. You don't know what's out there."

Mensah says, "Depending on what we find, we may be gone as long as 2 or 3 days."

Arada says, "Nothing's bothered us here so far."

Volescu says, "I admit it would make me feel better about it."

Yeah. It's like... and then it's like:

> From medical Bharadwaj tapped into the feed to add her vote for

like that sentence from Volescu that could mean he's on either side. That could mean “I'm staying here, I would like the meatshield to stay here, because it already saved my life one time.”

It's like, it's just ridiculous.

> Bharadwaj from medical — Bharadwaj tapped into the feed to add her vote for me

And it's like, again “vote for me”, that could mean “for me staying here” or “going with”. You're not specifying which one.

> Gurathin was the only one staying behind who didn't say anything. Mensah nodded firmly. “All right then it's decided now. Let's get moving.”

And then they still don't say what was decided. Like it's just...

> So I prepped

That's, and then there's a line break right there.

So, I prepped the big hopper to go to the other side of the planet. In parenthesis (And yes, I had to pull up the instructions.) End parenthesis, I checked over

Oh, we're — Look, we're going to be on chapter 4, and then I'll end this video so I don't give myself a sore throat.

I checked it over as much as I could, remembering how the autopilot had cut

I guess I should check the battery first. Okay, 34%. Yeah,

I checked it over as much as I could, remembering how the autopilot had cut out suddenly in the little hopper, but we hadn't used the big hopper since Mensah had taken it up to check it out when we arrived. (You had to check everything out and log any problems immediately when you took delivery or the company wasn't liable.) End parenthesis. But everything looked okay, or at least matched

> what the specs said it was supposed to match. It was only there for emergencies. And if this thing with DeltFall hadn't happened, we would probably never have touched it until it was time to lift into our pickup transport.

And again, there's there's just genuinely no fucking need for there to be two hoppers. You don't need — and we still we have zero description of what the fuck a hopper looks like. There's no description whatsoever. We don't even know what fucking color it is, what the fucking size range is.

And there don't need to be two of them. It's completely and utterly unfucking necessary.

Just — there's there's just no fucking reason for it. They just need one fucking ship. Especially because until later, when it's completely unnecessary, they're only using one of them at a time.

It may as well just be one fucking ship. It's ridiculous. Especially because we keep getting insisted, “oh, they went uh, security contracts are awarded to the lowest

bidder.” So, it's like, okay, so if this is such a cheap shitty thing they got, why do they — why were they given two ships???? That's not what I call cheap! That's expensive!

So, which the fuck is it? Is it cheap and shitty and they got one ship, or is it expensive and good and they got two of them???

There doesn't need to be two of them. It's just unnecessary and like just completely unnecessary. No fucking reason, especially because we're not getting a description for either of them.

All right. Anyways, uh,

> but everything looked okay, or at least matched what the specs said it was supposed to match. It was only there for emergencies, and if this thing with DeltFall hadn't happened, we probably never would have touched it until it was time to lift into our pickup transport. Mensah came to do her own check of the hopper

Because you just made the slave do all that work and then you're also doing it. So, it's like, why did you make it do that?

> And told me to—
> Mensah came to do her own check of the hopper and told me to pack some extra emergency supplies for the DeltFall staff

Because they're just using Murderbot as a slave. Continuing to fucking use it as a slave, not treating it like a fucking person. Didn't *ask* Murderbot, "Hey, could you do that?" Not even just that level of ~let's pretend to be nice about it.~

Just telling, “pack extra shit, slave.”

Legitimately, this is after they've supposedly “realized it was a person”. After we they pretend lie to our fucking faces and Murderbot’s that they ~just had no idea it was a person~ and they're still treating it like a slave.

Mensah isn't carrying shit out to bring extra supplies. They're not all coming out in a group, and then Murderbot's like, "Oh shit I will get in trouble if I don't do that”, so Murderbot insists on taking it from them to keep up the fucking ruse.

No. Murderbot — Mensah is just fucking telling Murderbot, "Pack some more fucking supplies, slave. Not like any of us could do this.”

They're literally still just enslaving it. They are literally treating it like a fucking slave. And and we're h— we're now halfway through the fucking book because this has eight chapters.

> Mensah came to do her own check of the hopper and told me to pack some extra emergency supplies for the DeltFall staff. I did it and hoped for the human’s sake we would need them. I thought it was likely that the only supplies we would need for DeltFall was the post-mortem kind, but you may have noticed that when I do manage to care, I'm a pessimist. When everything was ready, Overs, Rathi and

> Pin-Lee climbed in, and I stood hopefully by the cargo pod. Mensah pointed at the cabin. I winced behind my opaque face plate and climbed in.

And then we're on chapter 4, but I'm going to end this now because my phone is criminally terrible, and it makes videos like, I'm not even joking, like 40+ gigabytes for no reason. And there's literally no way for me to make it not do that.

So, I have to end this fucking video now, before it literally overrides the entire storage space on this fucking phone. Even though I have all of the camera settings set to the lowest possible, I have to literally run through this video through like three separate compression programs just to get it to a reasonable size.

All right. Anyways, yeah, it's like, I guess I do have a bookmark this time. I got I found a fucking receipt paper because this book is so nice, cuz I don't want to put in a thick bookmark to mess up the spine, but I found a receipt paper.

So, we are currently on...Yeah, we're at — We're going to be on chapter 4, which they are claiming is page 53, which is actually—

Oh well.

Well, yeah, we'll just we'll just say that we're minusing 10 pages. So, we're technically we're actually 43 pages. Too bad we don't know exactly how many more pages could be fitting into these disgusting fucking margins.

We're we're 43 pages into this series if we cut out all the blank extra pages that they lie to us about.

Uh it's August 18th, 2025. I'll probably read it again tonight once my phone is recharged and this video is not on here killing the storage space.

Bye-bye.